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The Burtons talk of
BRINGING UP CHILDREN

The Prime Minister and his wife
See story page 2

16-page lift-out
SCHOOL BOOK LABELS

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OUR COVER

● Australia's new Prime Minister, Senator John Grey Gorton, and Mrs. Gorton, photographed relaxing at a barbecue at Newport, N.S.W., given by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wentworth before the Senator was elected Leader of the Federal Parliamentary Liberal Party last week. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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● Mrs. John Gorton and son Michael, a Melbourne barrister, who flew to Canberra to see his father being sworn in as Prime Minister, in the garden of the Gorton family home at Narrabundah.



MRS. GORTON, THE NEW

— "It's overwhelming and it's a great honor, but I've learned through the years there's no dividend for the person who loses her head," says Prime Minister's wife.

"JOHN told me that we'd never be wealthy, but that I would never be bored," says Mrs. John Gorton, and so perhaps best sums up her life and marriage.

There certainly was no time for boredom for attractive, American-born Bettina ("Betsy") as she is at times affectionately called by her husband) Gorton in the hectic days following the Senator's election as Prime Minister.

But with the hundreds of telegrams, the phone calls, the flowers, the interviews that transformed the Gortons' home in the Canberra suburb of Narrabundah into a scene of non-stop activity, Mrs. Gorton showed her ability to cope with any situation.

She was at ease, was able to put everyone else at ease. Even at the time of waiting for the result of the election, she said, "Everyone had been building up tensions for days. I decided to stay at home while it was all going on and fill in time by tidying the house and making a stew."

I commented on her composure on the night following the election, when the umpteenth telephone call again interrupted her attempts to greet some 50 friends who gathered at the Gortons' home.

"I've led a life of meeting the emergency of the moment," she said matter-of-factly.

"Engines have blown up in my face. All manner of

things that needed firm handling have arisen. I've learned to take it all as it comes.

"This is no different, except that it's a bigger challenge, a bigger responsibility to shoulder. It's overwhelming and it's a great honor, but I've learned through the years that there's no dividend for the person who loses her head."

In snatches of conversation during the evening, Mrs. Gorton talked of the past.

She was a student at the Sorbonne, in Paris. Her brother, who was at Oxford, introduced her to his university friend John Gorton

during a holiday in Spain. The 23-year-old undergraduate began corresponding with the 18-year-old Bettina. Within a few months, they were married.

"Little sister tagged along during that holiday, and has continued to do so ever since," said Mrs. Gorton.

Soon after coming to Australia, she went with her husband to live on his family citrus orchard at Mystic Park, near Swan Hill, in northern Victoria.

During the war, and for a period after John Gorton first became a Senator in 1949, Mrs. Gorton ran the property. She calmly coped with every problem—"including those engines blowing up in my face," she said with a twinkle in her brown eyes and her ready smile.

The engine trouble?

"Well," she said, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders, "you know the definition of agriculture. It's 20 percent farming and 80 percent mending what breaks down. No doubt about it, everything that could break down did when I was running things."

The Gortons are a close-knit family.

There are three children — Michael, a 28-year-old Melbourne barrister, who was in Canberra to see his father sworn in; 26-year-old Robin, a solicitor, who lives with his wife and 13-month-old son, David, in the Melbourne suburb of Hawthorn; and

I know what I think of him, but I'm naturally a little prejudiced, and I would like to leave people to make up their own minds."

She has said that while she will be prepared to make an occasional speech, she won't speak about politics, because this is her husband's field, not hers.

Mrs. Gorton told me of the thrill of an early morning phone call from a television channel in Portland, Maine.

"They were going to replay our telephone call to viewers to let them hear the local-girl-made-good," she said with a laugh.

"It was 20 degrees below freezing there, about 90 degrees in Canberra. I guess the difference between the old hometown girl and the Australian Prime Minister's wife is just about as marked as that temperature difference."

Not that becoming the PM's wife is quite the greatest moment in her life.

"It's an overwhelming, wonderful thing to have happened, but no event in my life could equal the fact that I was once fortunate enough to be asked to marry the man I love," she said.

Mrs. Gorton currently finds it difficult to talk in any detail of the future.

"If I can find out with certainty the requirements of the approaching few minutes, I feel I'm doing well," she said.

One of the uncertainties is whether she'll be able to devote the time she'd like to her studies.

She began these studies as a part-time student at the Australian National University in 1961. The year before when her husband was in charge of the Colombo Plan, she visited Sarawak and following this decided to take Oriental Studies.

In 1965, she gained her Bachelor of Arts degree in this field, with merits in Javanese and Indonesian in her final year.

She is now preparing a thesis for her Master's degree, and she's been helping to compile an English-Malay dictionary.

"I'd like to continue all this, but my official duties will have to come first, so we'll just have to see how it works out," she said.

On her taste in clothes she was more positive.

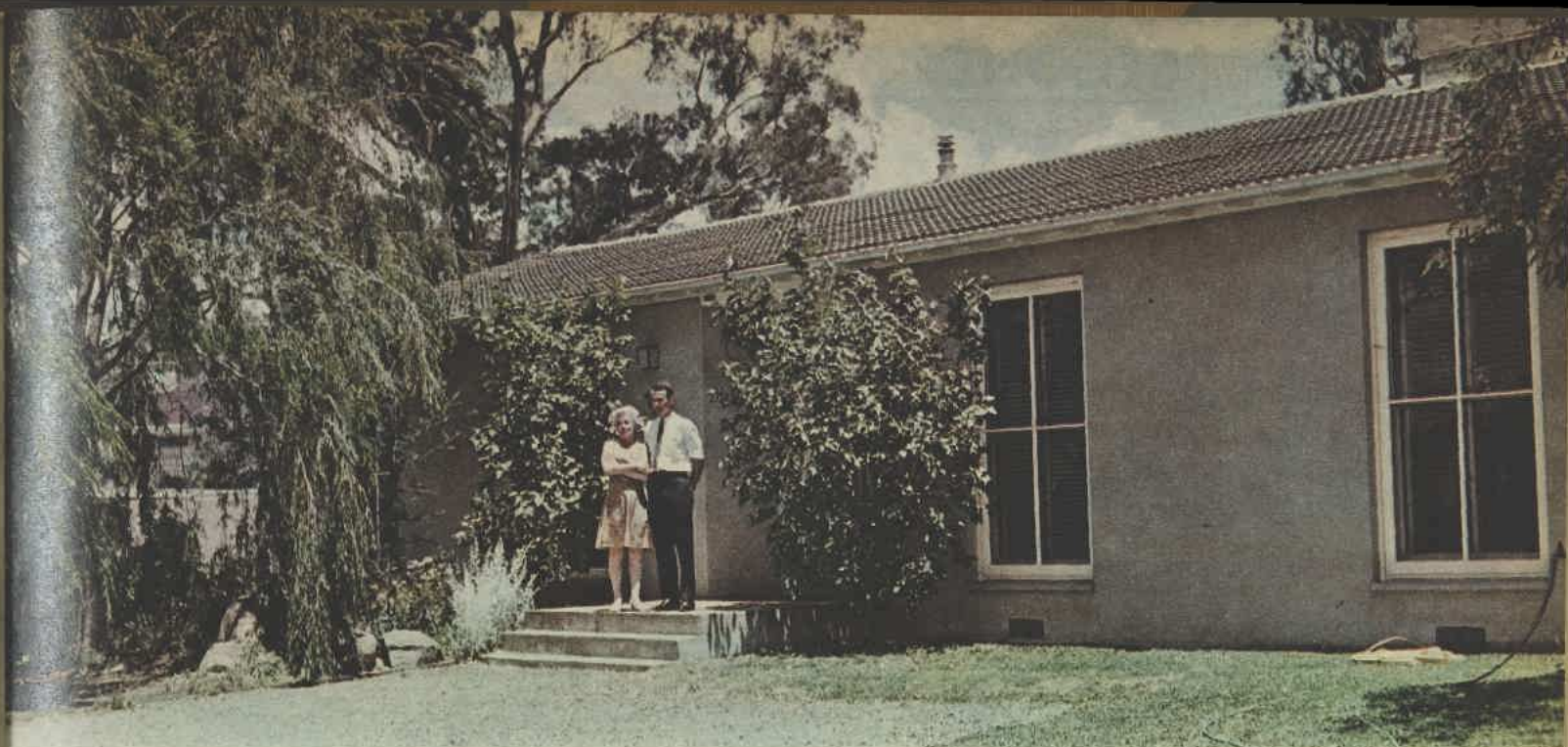
"I'm afraid this is a field in which I might disappoint some," said Mrs. Gorton, who is 5ft. 2in.

"If I were inches taller, I'd feel I could wear couturier styles. But I'm not, so I prefer simple ones."

"These days, now that my hair is so white, I feel I shouldn't wear colors that are too bright. I keep mainly to reasonably soft colors."

"I don't like a lot of clothes. If I like a dress, I keep it in my wardrobe for quite some time, and keep bringing it out."

"I shouldn't be surprised then, when friends say (as they have), 'I always love that dress on you' — as though it's old-faithful having another outing," she said, laughing.



LADY AT THE LODGE



● Mrs. Gorton and Michael on the front steps of the Narabundah house. Mrs. Gorton's new home will be "The Lodge," the Prime Minister's official Canberra residence.

● The Prime Minister and Mrs. Gorton with Michael, right, with a cup of tea; Mrs. Gorton in a favored frock in which she was photographed for our cover. If she likes a dress, she keeps wear it. Below, daughter Joanna, who said of her father's election, "I can't tell you how thrilled I am. All I can say is, he'll do."



— Pictures by staff photographer ERNIE NUTT



The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward and upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

★ What sort of clothes do men like best? You can find out—AND win up to \$10,000. Look!

\$15,000

P.A.M. FASHION CONTEST

(and P.A.M. means Please A Man!)

First Prize: \$10,000

Second Prize: \$2000

Third Prize: \$1000

plus 20 Consolation Prizes of \$100 each

● This is the second week of our great new contest, in which YOU test your Please A Man fashion skill!

Each week for ten weeks we choose one of our **COLOR** fashion pictures to be the weekly "key" to a dollar bonanza.

We show you a small identifying picture (like the one below) — and you just leaf through the paper till you find the same picture in color.

To qualify for the contest, you simply cut out the color pictures — one a week — for ten weeks.

● Don't forget to collect the contest color picture from last week's paper.

Then, when you have all the pictures, we will ask you to test your fashion skill by placing the pictures in the order you think **THEY WILL MOST APPEAL TO A MAN.**

The last of the ten pictures will be in our issue dated March 20. The contest coupon will be in the following week (March 27).

All ten color pictures **MUST** be attached to this coupon or your entry will be disqualified.

The coupon will also provide space for you to say, in 30 words or less, the reasons for your No.1 choice.

The contest will close on April 3. After all the entries have been received, a panel of men will be chosen.

They will vote on the order in which they think the ten pictures should be placed, and these votes will produce the prizewinning order, from one to ten.

If no entry matches this solution, the prize will go to the entry with the most correct placings (see contest conditions below).

If there is a tie, the best reason given for the No. 1 choice will be the deciding factor.

● Some readers have asked us whether they can send in more than one entry. Of course! Send as many as you like — BUT each entry must be accompanied by the entry coupon, and by its own set of the ten color pictures. The separate entries may be enclosed in the one envelope

THIS WEEK

**LOOK FOR THIS
PICTURE IN COLOR**

... cut out the color picture and keep it. You must have all ten of the color pictures, or your entry will be disqualified from the contest.



\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

—CONTEST CONDITIONS—

• All entries for the contest must be received by Wednesday, April 3, and must be addressed: P.A.M. FASHION CONTEST, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

● Entries must be on the coupon cut from The Australian Women's Weekly dated March 27, and must be accompanied by ten fashion pictures cut from the ten issues of the paper dated January 17 to March 20 inclusive.

● Entries which do not include all ten fashion pictures IN COLOR — as identified by The Australian Women's Weekly — will be disqualified.

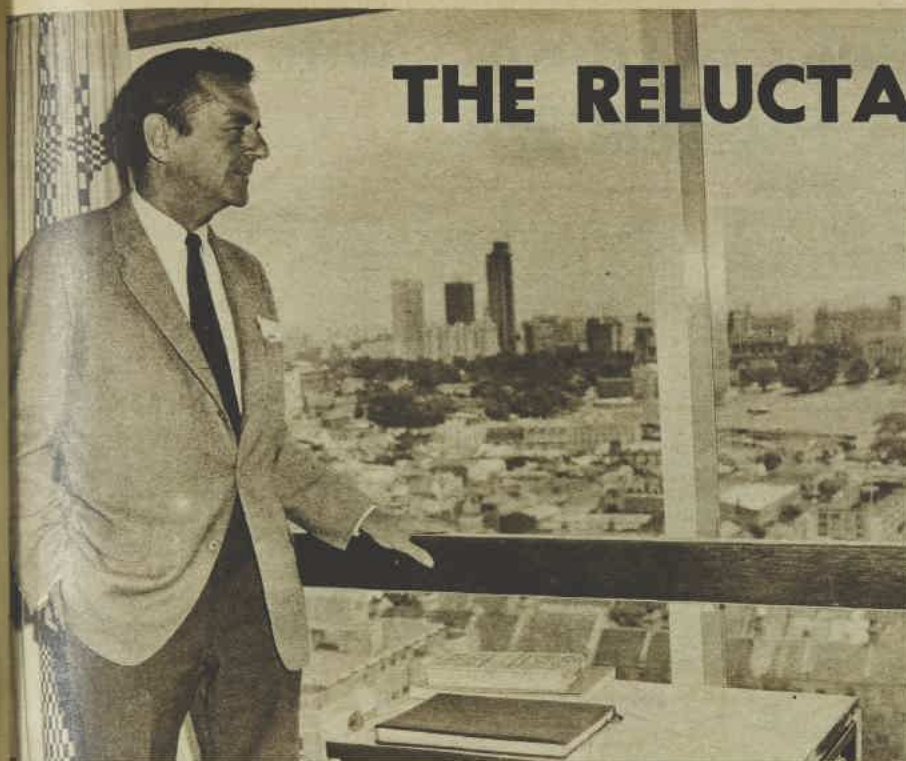
● If no entry exactly matches the prize-winning order, the first prize will go to the entry with the most correct consecutive placings, beginning with No. 1 or, failing that, No. 2 and so on.

● In the event of a tie, the best reason for the No. 1 choice will be the deciding factor.

- Entries eliminated from a tie for first prize will be awarded the lesser prizes in order of merit, and the same procedure will follow with the lesser prizes.

• This contest is governed by the rules published in full in our issue dated January 17.

[illegible]



THE RELUCTANT VISCOUNT

*"I'd rather be
Robin Smith than the
Viscount Maugham"*

—and after an hour or more of
good, rich talk with Englishman
Robin Maugham, author, in his
hotel room high above Sydney
(left) I believe him.

By KAY KEAVNEY

PARADOXICALLY, the last of the distinguished Maughams, son of a Lord Chancellor of England, nephew of the legendary Somerset, emerges as very much a self-made man.

Here he was in Australia to research his ninth novel, a successful author, journalist, playwright, screenwriter, very much a person in his own right, and clearly he'd had to rise above his advantages to do it.

His Uncle Willie (Somerset Maugham) had waspishly warned him against even trying.

"Do you know how I see your future?" said Uncle Willie. "As an aging impoverished viscount on the fringes of literary society."

And when his father read the proofs of that strange, imaginative study in corruption "The Servant" (Robin's book from which the award-winning film was made) he was appalled and disgusted.

Being a writer at all was vulgar and declassé, but to write THAT kind of stuff—

"Get it back from the publisher," demanded the first Viscount. He even offered to pay back the £1000 advance. But Robin held on. He cared very much, not only about success (though, goodness knows, that must have been badly needed) but about writing. It was a compulsion.

When an idea came it was like a sickness. Only long disciplined sessions of writing brought release. These might go on for months, day after day, during which he lived entirely alone.

He travelled the world, as Uncle Willie had done, and wrote about what he saw. Came the inevitable comparisons with Uncle Willie. Robin just had to learn to live with that. It wasn't easy, but then none of it was easy. Success came.

Of eight novels, seven were bought for the screen (the

last for £50,000 sterling). Robin, a highly visual writer, often wrote the screenplay himself.

One day came the accolade. Uncle Willie himself actually said, grudgingly, "My nephew has a touch of genius."

In 1958 Robin's father died, and he reluctantly became the second Viscount Maugham of Hartfield.

"I didn't want my father to take a title," he told me, "and I don't like to use it myself."

His dislike of privilege and authority goes back a long, long way.

He was the product of the classic English upper-class background: the nursery-

prep school, "where hell began. I was profoundly unhappy. I lived only for the holidays."

He paused. "Then came Eton."

He got up and walked around, with Sydney stretched out at his shoulder, and began to laugh, as if this part were too horrible to do anything but joke about.

"One of the great things" about going to an English public school," he said, "is that nothing in the future can ever be worse!"

"They are run on the principle that happiness is automatically wrong and dangerous. My loathing of authority hardened. All I wanted to do was get out.

His most important work...

governess, prep school, Eton, Cambridge, the lot.

"I was brought up in a vast country house with 12 servants, and a London house with six. It all seems fantastic now, but then it seemed quite normal.

"I had three sisters, and loved them, but there was a big age difference. I was a desperately lonely child.

"I adored my mother. She was a wonderful person. Both on her side and my father's, we belonged traditionally to the law. But parents are remote in that background.

"My father was 50 years older than I. He worked very hard, he was a leading 'silk.' He made a fortune, most of which he lost in investments, though we lived like princes. To me, he seemed always a cold and distant stranger.

"I remember once he walked into the nursery and handed me a bar of chocolate. I just looked at it, then asked timidly, 'Can I eat it?'

"He looked at me mournfully and nodded. I wolfed the chocolate and then was violently sick. My father never came into the nursery again."

At nine, Robin went to

"I worked like a slave and won my way to Cambridge at 16."

His dark eyes sparked in a network of laughter-lines. "Cambridge! There I found complete and delirious happiness. I loved everybody. Life completely changed.

"Of course, I studied law, which my father expected of me. And I wrote my first play, 'Thirteen For Dinner,' and made £47-10-8 with it!

"Still, I'd undoubtedly have practised as a barrister—for which I'm qualified—but then came the war."

Characteristically, this Lord Chancellor's son enlisted in the ranks, and survived a whole year as a trooper before a commission was wished on him.

He fought with the Eighth Army, was mentioned in dispatches, and very nearly died.

Hit by shrapnel in the head and arm, he was hoisted by crane on to the last troopship out of Tobruk. It looked at first as if his arm would have to be amputated, though no one seemed to worry much about the injuries to his head.

He was sent to a "leg and arm" hospital, and when he complained about his head,

they would say, "There, there. How are your knee and your elbow?"

During an agonising year in hospital, he wrote his first novel, "Come To Dust." Like all his works since, he wrote it laboriously in longhand in exercise books.

Graham Greene said in a review: "I know of no other book which gives so vivid and particularised a sense of this form of fighting."

The book was an instant success, though Uncle Willie thought it a flash in the pan.

The shrapnel in the head, and the threat of lifelong blackouts, put paid to a career at the bar.

In the teeth of his father's objections, Robin decided to do what he had really wanted to do all his life—become a writer.

(Really, his first novel was "Ike of Egypt," written at the age of nine. The little boy solemnly sent it to Edgar Wallace, a friend of his father, who sent back a very serious report: "This shows great promise, but a novel really ought to be longer than 2000 words.")

For the next five years (1946-50) Robin travelled in the Middle East, gathering material for travel-books and becoming an expert journalist and lecturer on Middle East affairs.

His deepest instincts were revolted by the still flourish-

Film to be called "Willie"

ing slave-trade. Ignoring danger, he investigated and wrote about it.

He lived with the nomad Tuaregs, bought a slave to prove that that was possible, for the sum of £37-10-0—and set him free. (Later, he tackled slavery again in his maiden speech in the House of Lords.)

He worked prodigiously. His second novel, "Nomad," was published in 1947. So was his third, the famous "The Servant," which the "New York Times" called "a masterpiece of writing."

"Most of my work," he told me, "derives from something I've experienced, or seen, or heard. With 'The Servant,' I met the prototype of the girl Vera. And I felt I knew the master, Tony, very well, though he wasn't based on any living person."

"The Servant" was almost wholly imaginative. I could see the set-up in that little Chelsea house, but when I wrote it, I didn't know how it would end. The story took over itself, which is as it should be."

With the years, the body of Robin's work grew: plays, novels, screenplays, newspaper articles. Settings and themes varied richly—Africa, India, K a t m a n d u, Fiji, Samoa, the Far East.

He lived everywhere, found material everywhere. His greatest concern was with people, with the illumination of human nature.

He acquired many brilliant friends, men like Noel Coward and Graham Greene. He loved good company, loved gaiety. But when work called he cancelled all engagements and wrote.

It took a long time to get to the book he probably had to write—the story of his family, "Somerset and All the Maughams." It was published in April, 1966, in both England and America, and was an instant success.

Film to be called "Willie"

Hector Bolitho wrote of it: "It is Robin Maugham's best book so far, on a subject so personal that he might have ruined it. Instead, he has achieved a scholarly aloofness which is extraordinary."

Robin obeyed Graham Greene's dictum to "cut the umbilical cord that binds you to your experience," and so won objectivity. But he still hadn't finished with his past and his origins.

For six months, in 1967, in the villa he bought at Ibiza, on the Mediterranean coast, he wrestled with the script

of his most important work, a film to be called "Willie."

A perceptive journalist, David Lewin, who has read the script, expects it to be a sensation. He wrote: "I doubt if ever before a son has dealt so dispassionately with his own father and his uncle."

Robin told me, "The theme of the film is a text which used to hang over Uncle Willie's bed during his youth at the vicarage. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

In one blistering scene, Somerset Maugham accidentally runs into his ex-wife, many years after their ugly divorce case.

Maugham said later: "I was stopped by an old woman in the hotel—and do you know, for some reason that now escapes me, she was my wife."

Uncle Willie and Robin's father, of course, absolutely loathed each other.

Uncle Willie told Robin: "Your father was an odious man. I have met many detestable men in my life, but your father was easily the most detestable."

Uncle Willie again: "Your sainted father designed to spend two weeks in my villa. He designed to stay here two weeks without passing a single civil remark."

"On this occasion," said Robin, "Uncle Willie very proudly showed my father his priceless collection of books, beautifully bound, which covered one whole vast wall of the dining-room."

"Then my father said, 'Where is your library?'

"Poor Uncle Willie. My father always maintained that if he himself had ever done anything so vulgar as to become a professional writer, he would have written much more nobly and eloquently than Uncle Willie."

Poor Lord Chancellor! It seems very possible that history will remember him largely as Willie's brother, and perhaps as the father of Robin, the reluctant second Viscount Maugham.

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Pink-A-Pades by Max Factor

A book about the famous school tells of . . .

The Head who 'broke the bank' at Wesley College

AFTER a humble start — with only one pupil — Melbourne's famous Wesley College is now entering its 102nd year.

Since nine-year-old Frederick Binks became the first (and, for two days, the only) pupil — on January 18, 1866 — the school has been the stepping-stone in the education of thousands of successful, often famous, Australian men.

A particular source of pride to Wesley must be the fact that it has provided two consecutive Australian Prime Ministers.

And how many other schools can boast of having had Dame Nellie Melba sing in their halls?

Now a book has been published that entertainingly tells a very full story of Wesley's crowded and colorful century.

The book is "Wesley College, The First Hundred Years," by three old-boys, Geoffrey Blainey, James Morrissey, and S. E. K. Hulme.

"Frank" story

As well as paying tribute to the school's many successes, the book chronicles its failures and funny side-lights, making it clear that a tower of learning has skeletons — both serious and humorous — in its cupboards.

As Headmaster T. H. Coates says in the preface: "The authors have presented the story as their researches revealed it, frankly assessing what they found, and avoiding the tendency sometimes seen in school histories to cast a rosy glow over a sentimentally remembered past."

"Not all old Wesley Collegians will agree with them at all points."

Indeed, perhaps some old-boys will feel it "not quite done" when the authors start telling a tale out of school about a rather unusual (to say the least) headmaster-to-be of early Wesley.

The book records that in 1854 at least one organiser of the proposed school supported the engagement as headmaster of the Rev. T. B. Vipont, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

The authors don't go into details, but they say: "One is entitled to assume that the reverend American was a confidence man."

Second stir

And they go on: "If by chance he had been appointed headmaster he would not have been the only confidence man to hold that office in the school's first 40 years."

This intriguing claim is explained later in the book, in a chapter dealing with the "resignation" at the turn of



● Staff and pupils at Wesley in 1898 . . .

the century of Headmaster Thomas Palmer.

The authors say quite bluntly: "He fiddled with the school's accounts."

"He gathered £1000 and kept on gathering more."

"During the summer vacation of 1901-2 his game was discovered."

"The committee, quite flabbergasted, talked of prosecution but decided that silence was wiser."

"Palmer quietly left the school . . . and went to South Africa . . ."

Disciplining the boys, of course, required more thought, time, and effort than disciplining errant headmasters.

The school's first rules for

pupils covered a multitude of "sins."

A lad had to be careful what toys he brought to fill in leisure hours.

The rules made a point of forbidding the bringing of "gunpowder."

Expulsion faced a boy caught being disrespectful or rowdy; swearing, lying, or calling out improper names; writing on walls or furniture; carving on trees.

Corporal punishment was common.

An 1870s headmaster, Professor Irving, is on record as having said: "Don't flog rashly, but when you do flog, flog well . . ."

The fine distinction between flogging "rashly" and "well" arose in 1876, when a headmaster faced jail over the punishment of a pupil.

Cane in favor

The master, Henry Andrew, caned a 12-year-old boy about 21 times around the back and shoulder for having broken windows in a house near the school.

The boy's father took medical and legal advice, and Andrew appeared in Prahran Court, charged with unlawful assault.

The Court fined Andrew £5.

Interesting commentaries on the public attitude to caning at the time were the other results of the case.

A newspaper editorial criticised the verdict, many people sent money to the headmaster to help his legal expenses, and 60 teachers and educationists signed an address offering approval and sympathy.

The book's industrious authors have even delved into the underwear early Wesley boys wore.

In a list of clothes in the 1880s — including four night-shirts, six cotton shirts or four Crimean shirts, two school suits, and one dress suit — they quote the instruction to boys to have "three pairs of drawers (if worn)."

Religious instruction

played a very big role in the school's early curriculum.

Here are some questions pupils were supposed to be able to answer in the 1860s:

"Describe the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and point out the circumstances that proved its miraculous character."

"Enumerate the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians, and show their intention in reference to the idolatrous worship of the country."

An unusual fact that emerges from a study of Wesley's fine sporting record

By
ROBIN ADAIR

is that once the school football team "turned professional."

In 1884 a headmaster promised the team £5 — a lot then — if it could beat Scotch College.

Wesley won, and the players divided the money.

One of the most important events in the school's history was the donation in 1933 of £100,000 (this figure eventually doubled) to rebuild Wesley.

The money was given by A. M. and G. R. Nicholas — Melbourne brothers made rich and famous by the manufacture of pain-relieving tablets.

(The final donation converts, simply, to \$400,000. But, the authors point out, at today's money values the figure is probably about \$2,000,000.)

The rebuilding was carried out, but not without some unusual features.

The main work was publicly announced to start after the school broke up for holidays.

A newspaper story said that after break-up a fleet of trucks would take everything at the school into storage.

Many truck-owners quite unofficially joined the fleet of removalists!

Also, apparently, a smart brick carter kept driving the same truckload in one gate and out another — each time being credited with a delivery.

Sir Robert Menzies and the late Harold Holt probably have been the Wesley old-boys best known to Australians.

Sir Robert started at Wesley in 1910, and Mr. Holt attended in the '20s.

Keen poet

The book notes that the young Menzies was "although something of a walker, no athlete," but "proved himself one of the school's outstanding poets . . . when the writing of verse was considered the most estimable intellectual pursuit."

Mr. Holt, on the other hand, was "a by-no-means insignificant sportsman."

After he had succeeded Sir Robert as Prime Minister in 1966, at a Founders' Day dinner guests heard a limerick — "written between soup and fish" by a former headmaster—which went:



. . . when "confidence man" Thomas Palmer was the school's headmaster.

When R.G. was followed by Holt, Scotch and Grammar received quite a jolt. There's only one college For "Liberal" knowledge — Three cheers for the purple and gold! (The school colors are purple and gold.)

One man played an unusual role, for an old Wesley Collegian, during World War II.

It seems that Werner Wildermuth went to Wesley in the late '30s and became a noted sportsman — in rowing, football, and athletics.

He fought in the war, nicknamed "Aussie."

In the German Army, however! Some Wesley old-boys have found success in fields that the school's founders would not have envisaged.

The book offers the case of a pop music outfit called The Groop.

Three of its four members, happily and rewardingly playing and singing rock-n-roll, once exercised their musical talents warbling school songs at Wesley.



● The College cricket team in 1879.



● R. G. Menzies, 1913.



● H. E. Holt, 1922.

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THE ONE AND A HALF CENT BREAKFAST

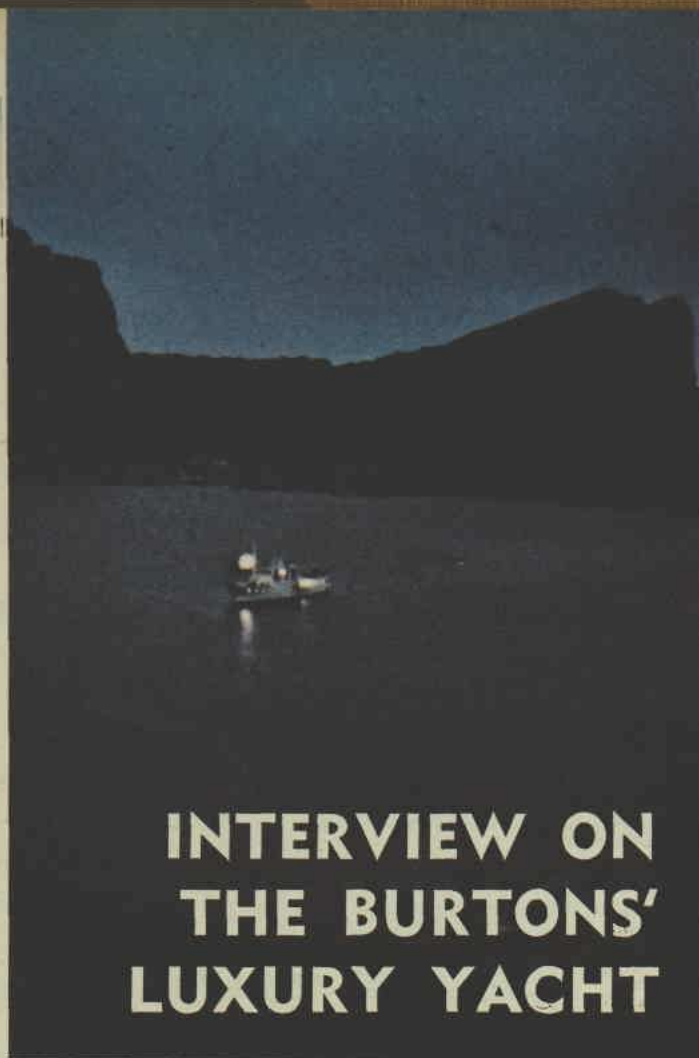
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INTERVIEW ON THE BURTONS' LUXURY YACHT

● At nine stone four pounds, Elizabeth Taylor Burton, 35, admits to being seven pounds overweight — and is undismayed. Husband Richard, looking his 42 years, is as big as a bear. "I love to eat," said Liz, aboard their splendid yacht Kalizma. "I get a sensual and profound pleasure from it. So does Richard. The way to stay young is to enjoy life — if that includes eating."

By CURTIS G. PEPPER

ON Elizabeth and Richard Burton's \$250,000 yacht, riding at anchor in the Anzio harbor, two small girls skittered across an upper deck in the company of five barking dogs.

Below, a group of teenagers with guitars trooped down a gangway and into a waiting motor-launch.

On the poop deck, Richard Burton sat with a brandy bottle and three Welsh friends, reading aloud in measured tones R. S. Thomas' "The Death of a Poet."

And finally, Elizabeth Taylor Burton, her feet bare, and dressed in a red caftan, appeared at the doorway of the main lounge to greet a visitor.

"Hello, luv, come on in." She said it like any suburban wife welcoming a guest through the front door of a house in Pasadena or Scarsdale, surrounded by kids and animals and books and friends.

"This is home," said Elizabeth, sinking into a sofa with a Jack Daniel's and a glance around the main sitting-room of the 279-ton steam yacht, which sleeps 14 (bunking the

"Richard
likes me a
bit tubby,"
says Liz

kids), plus a Spanish crew of nine — not including the dogs and the abyssinian cat, Charlie Brown.

Elizabeth had christened her ark the Kalizma, a combination of Katherine (Richard's daughter by Sybil Burton), Liza (Elizabeth's by Michael Todd), and Maria (the adopted German child).

And she loved it, from mast to keel.

"It's a home that can be moved to London or to Paris or to Rome or wherever we work," she said, sipping her drink. "After it's redecorated, we're going to load up with Richard's books and my paintings and seashells and games and funny records — little things that spell home to us."

There are, of course, a few undeniable differences between Mrs. Burton and other suburban wives.

She and her husband are the highest-paid couple in the world. They receive \$1,000,000 (American) for each film they agree to do, plus ten percent of the gross, an unceasing flow of gold that allows them to give each other such outsize gifts as Richard's recent present to his wife of a million-dollar twin-jet plane, christened

The Elizabeth, which flies 600 m.p.h. (with two beds, a bar, and a kitchen) high above commercial airlines of normal folk.

They own houses in Mexico, Ireland, Switzerland (complete with fully provisioned bomb shelter), and vast acreages in the Canary Islands.

A staff of more than 30 people — lawyers, accountants, dressers, secretaries, chauffeurs, stewards, cooks, gardeners, pilots (air and sea), plus ordinary servants — stands ready to serve them and guide their multiple investments and interests around the globe.

Yet none of this protects them from trials and troubles to which the flesh is heir — be it in outer suburbia or aboard the good ship Kalizma.

Nor does it reduce the fun they have or render any less real the extraordinary love they feel toward each other.

There was, first of all, the tragedy of Elizabeth's inability to have more children.

"I can't have more of my own. I'd like to have lots of them by Richard, and it is very sad. But we might adopt

another one some day." Her voice trailed off.

During her marriage to Eddie Fisher, they had adopted a six-week-old baby girl, Maria, from a Munich foundling home.

At the time, it was not known that the baby had been born crippled, with her right hipbone out of socket.

When the handicap was discovered, the institution wanted to take the child back, but Elizabeth refused.

"I love her like my own child," she said at the time. "If my child was born crippled, I wouldn't turn her away, and I'm not going to do that to this one. This isn't a dog. It's a human being."

"Maria had three major operations on her hip. Probably because of these shocks, she did not speak for a long time, and we began to think she was born mute, too."

"When she uttered her first words at four and a half, I broke down and cried."

"Now she won't stop talking and will show anyone her operation scar. We call it a scratch."

Elizabeth was called to the phone, and Maria herself, now 6½, came running into the room with Liza to report that the abyssinian cat was

on the loose somewhere in the Anzio port area.

"Charlie Brown's run away!" she said.

"He got out through the bathroom window," said Liza, ten.

"Maybe he wanted to swim," Maria said.

"In order to go swimming, all you have to do is fall overboard," said Liza, who has Elizabeth's incredible eyes and bears a striking resemblance to Mike Todd.

"I swim, too," said Maria, with the solemn face of a Holbein. "Like a dog. Liza swims like people."

They ran off in search of Charlie Brown. On the coffee table was a sensitive pencil drawing by Liza of a donkey blowing out birthday candles.

"Liza wants to be an artist," said Elizabeth, returning.

"Maria wants ten children and ten cars — which indicates another sort of talent."

"Michael plans to be an actor and Christopher says he's going to be a scientist or maybe a vet."

The boys, enrolled at Milfield, in England, were spending their mid-term holidays on the yacht.

Christopher, 12, a sober child in flannels and cashmere, most resembled their

father, Michael Wilding, Elizabeth's second husband.

Michael, 14, dressed by Carnaby Street, sported a guitar and long hair. Elizabeth had personally chopped off four inches of it before sending the boy off to school — and raised a storm of protest.

"I'm a great barber," she explained. "I cut everybody's hair in the family."

"But Michael screamed and made me stop. I told him they'd shear him even more, and he said, 'Mom, it's not America, it's England!'"

"Well, in jolly old England they chopped off even more."

The two girls were enrolled at a day school in Rome. When Elizabeth was away they stayed with Richard's retired brother, Ivor Jenkins, and his wife, Gwyn, in a Roman apartment.

"It might be easier for the girls to be in boarding school, but I don't think they're old enough for that yet. They need a home — and not one that's being moved every three months."

"They need friends to grow up with, and by staying in Rome I hope they will have this and be as

Continued on page 14



THE BURTONS make their eighth film together, Tennessee Williams' "Goforth." Liz, wearing two million dollars' worth of jewels, plays a rich widow, to whose island refuge comes a half saint, half con-man — Burton.

AT TOP RIGHT: Scene from the tragedy "Goforth," which Elizabeth, as the imperious widow, enacts in a sad, desolate corner of Sardinia.

THE CHILDREN. From left: Elizabeth's sons, Christopher and Michael Wilding; Liza Todd (so like her late father, Michael Todd); and Maria Fisher Burton, 6½, the adopted child.



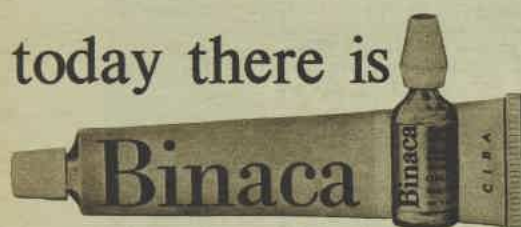
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OFFICIAL VISIT. Dr. Sydney Ring (left), Chairman of the International Centre Foundation of Australia, and Mrs. Max Holliday, the Centre's Executive Director, chatted with Mr. E. A. Willis, Minister for Tourist Activities, on the occasion of his official visit to the opening of the International Centre, in Elizabeth Street.



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

YOUNG visitor to Sydney is Sally Ann Wills, who has come up from Adelaide to spend two weeks with her grandparents, Sir Frank and Lady Berryman, at their Point Piper home. While she is here she will be seeing friends, sailing, and playing tennis. Sally Ann is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wills, of Walkerville, Adelaide.

SPOKE ★ Nancy Bird Walton just before she left for a trip to the Tyrol for the wedding of Dr. Brent Rosemeyer and Countess Castell at Kempton, in the snow-covered South Bavarian Alps, on January 5 and 6. It sounded a really delightful wedding, with a traditional reception held the night before the ceremony, when everyone wears Tyrolean costume and takes along two pieces of china—one to break (to keep the evil spirits away) and the other to keep. Mrs. Walton told me she intended calling in to Athens on her way over to see her niece Trinity Sheather, Trinity's husband, Graeme, and their daughter Justine, and then on the way home would go to London to see her son John, who is on a working holiday.

LOTS ★ of letters from home have an extra-special meaning for Francoise Levy, who's in England to do her school finals at Headington School, Oxford University. The younger daughter of the French Commercial Counsellor, Mr. Roger Levy, and Mrs. Levy, Francoise and her schoolfriends have competitions to see who receives the most letters, and she's way ahead in the field. At present Francoise is spending her school holidays in France, where she'll be visiting family friends in Paris and the Cote D'Azur.



MILITARY WEDDING. Major Owen O'Brien and his bride, the former Miss Jeanette Kinnane, at the reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club which followed their marriage at the Holy Cross Church, Woolahra. Mrs. O'Brien is the only daughter of Mrs. R. F. Kinnane, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mr. Kinnane. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen O'Brien, who live at Cremorne.

SPOTTED a very charming young man-about-town at the Epiphany Party which the Alliance Francaise Social Committee gave at Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seidler's lovely Killara home. Dressed in a grey linen sportcoat, with red paisley shirt and red knitted tie, 15-year-old Jason McCall Power was helping his mother, Mrs. Frank McCall Power, serve coffee to the guests.

WHAT ★ a thrilling time it has been for the Arthur Mills, of Gordon, who no sooner returned from a two-week cruise in the Iberia, to Noumea, than they were in the midst of party plans for the engagement of their son Arthur to Grenfell girl Rosemary Moffitt, on January 6. There were eighty guests at the dinner party, so it was a wonderful opportunity for Arthur, who is a dentist in Orange, to see his old friends again and for Rosemary to meet them all.

ANOTHER ★ engagement of country interest is that of Wendy Short and Robert Kirby, who are planning a September wedding. Wendy, who is wearing an oval sapphire engagement ring with marquise diamond shoulders, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Short, of Wollstonecraft. Robert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Kirby, of "Barham Winchester," Molong.

DATE ★ for your diary . . . the Black and White Committee's champagne and chicken afternoon, with a parade of Henriette Lamotte's winter collection of millinery and clothes. It's to be on January 31 at "Tokay," the Bellevue Hill home of Mrs. George Falkner, and proceeds will benefit the Royal Blind Society.

AND ★ another one which sounds as if it will be fun is the Hawaiian Night planned by the Ladies' Committee of the Spastic Centre of New South Wales on February 10. The party will be at the waterfront home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rodgers, at Vaucluse, and promises to be a very colorful evening, with guests in Hawaiian dress and Hawaiian dancers and music to provide an exotic background.

DELIGHTED ★ grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Peter Andrews, of Toorak, Melbourne, spent most of their Christmas stay in Sydney shopping for their first grandson, Matthew Joseph. Matthew was a very welcome Christmas present for his parents, Adrienne and Lucio Lussu, when he was born at the King George V Hospital.

BUSY ★ compiling an illustrated history of Australia is English visitor Roderick Cameron, who thinks his three months' commission out here will soon fly. On his way over he stayed in Kenya with his mother, the Countess of Kenmare (the former Enid Lindeman), on her farm and went with her to South Africa for three weeks to visit her racing stud in the Cape Province.

I BELIEVE ★ there was much excitement in the Colin Clegg household when their son Peter rang from London to tell them of his engagement to Jennifer Dale. The two young people are on a working holiday there (Jennifer's been away from Sydney for twelve months and Peter since July) and will return in August for their marriage at the end of the year. To celebrate the announcement their travelling friends, Michael Bosher, Alan Payne, Anita Cohen, and Nerida Cowdroy, all from Sydney, gave them a champagne party at the boys' Kensington flat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 24, 1968



TO WED. Mr. Geoffrey Fogarty and Miss Joy Smith, who have announced their engagement, plan a November wedding. Miss Smith is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Dover Heights. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fogarty, of Coogee.



PRETTY BRIDE Mrs. Paul Jones, pictured with her husband as they cut the wedding cake at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel, following their marriage at Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, Watson's Bay. The bride was formerly Miss Anne O'Brien, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brennan O'Brien, of "Ashburn," Gulgambone. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jones, of Vaucluse. The newlyweds will live on "Boonaroo," Warrigla.



BIRTHDAY TOASTS to the guests-of-honor, Mr. Geoff Willmott (left) and his twin brother, Mr. Tony Willmott, from their sister, Miss Robyn Willmott (second from left), and Miss Judy Ellis, during the twins' twenty-first birthday celebrations. The party, which was held at the Pickwick Club, was given by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Willmott, who live at Point Piper.



COCKTAIL HOUR. Mr. and Mrs. J. Arena were among guests at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Giovanni Miceli-Picardi at their Bellevue Hill home for members of the Italian community. Guests-of-honor included the Italian Ambassador, Dr. Mario Majoli, and his wife, who recently came up from their Canberra home for a Sydney visit.



PATIO DRESS was a popular choice among women guests at the Epiphany party held by the Alliance Francaise Social Committee, and two of the prettiest were those worn by the hostess, Mrs. Harry Seidler (left), and Miss Vivienne Joris, pictured with Mr. Seidler. A hundred and thirty people attended the party, held at the Seidlers' Killara home.

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK

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NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK



ELIZABETH and RICHARD — she's a little tubby, and he (says the author) is as big as a bear.



two children, to marry Elizabeth.

He shook his head, as though it were still incredible that it had ever happened.

"Once I sneaked into quarters at Oxford and read some papers they had on me. One fellow had written a line that said Richard Burton had a highly efficient, muscular intelligence.

"I began to believe it. With a very muscular intelligence, I felt nothing could

Elizabeth laughed with joy.

"We are really just like any other couple," she said. "Prick us and we bleed — do we not?"

"We have our ups and downs. We get angry and have little spats. But this is a sort of testing, and when it's over we feel closer than ever before.

"Love comes that way for me — in waves, and every so often there's a tidal wave. When that happens it's so

"One of the reasons we get so little sleep is that after everyone goes home or leaves, we sit up in bed together, in the dark, and talk about a million things.

"We talk about ourselves and how much fun we are having with life.

"Sometimes I get very nervous and wonder if I'm not going to have to pay for all this happiness. I wonder what would happen to me if I lost Richard, and once I heard myself saying: 'If you get killed or die before me, I'll never speak to you again.'"

At 35, Elizabeth considers herself a middle-aged woman getting more kicks out of life than when she was 25.

"Being middle-aged doesn't frighten me at all. It interests me.

"I see wrinkles and double chins in the mirror, but what difference does it make? I earned them. They're mine. They're part of me, like lichens on a tree. They mark my passage through life and should be worn with dignity.

"I feel sorry for people who feel compelled to fight against time.

"The best way to stay young is to enjoy life — and that includes eating. I love to eat. I get a sensual and profound pleasure from it. So does Richard."

Yes, she was overweight.

"I'm a hundred and thirty (9st. 4lb.) now, which is about seven pounds over. But I've been this way for two years and don't especially care. Richard likes me a bit tubby.

"I was 20lb. overweight for 'Virginia Woolf,' but that was for the role, and I took it off afterward."

She reduces by diet and exercise and laying off the Jack Daniels.

"Exercise does a lot for me. I try to do at least ten minutes each day, if only to keep the fat firm.

"But I don't do it regularly. Sometimes I skip a week. Then I start again, and

"If a woman doesn't feel beautiful, she won't be. That's the real value of cosmetics or a new hat or a dress. They give you a tilt, a special tilt."

Elizabeth, who was an actress at nine, seems bored with success, while Richard is still amazed at its arrival.

Elizabeth admits that a million dollars is a lot of money for one actor, but figures that if producers are idiotic enough to pay it, they'd be idiots to refuse.

"We love it. It's great having money like that for what it allows you to do.

"I'm not talking about piling it up in a bank, because people who hoard money — rich people, I mean — are in trouble with themselves, since they will never have enough. The money owns them."

"Richard and I believe in

Years of being chased by paparazzi, their privacy invaded by photographers pretending to be plumbers, priests, tree surgeons have left their mark.

The Burtons' high income also stems from the special way they approach filmmaking. This has altered Richard's feeling about films, which he once considered too shallow a field for his talents.

"There's nothing that makes me so furious," Elizabeth said, "as people who claim there are two gods warring inside Richard — cinema the inferior one, while the legitimate stage is the superior god. That sort of drek drives me out of my skull."

"First of all, films today are a much higher art form than they have ever been. Part of this is due to the public's wanting better work."

"Five years ago, the film we just finished — 'Goforth' — would have gone into the art houses. Now it's booked into major circuits.

"For us there's another change, too. We are at the peak of our careers, and this gives us the power to pick our scripts, producer, and even the director.

"In effect, we can create our own production unit — and share in the profits.

"So the whole unit becomes immensely more interesting because we are involved on all fronts.

"That also allows us to make a major investment of our talents.

"I might fall on my face, but I'd like to do Lady Macbeth, and I think 'Macbeth' on the screen might give more than on the stage.

"Close-ups allow nuances

of doubt and desire and deceit. You can suggest light shadings of character — and deep conflict.

"And there are great scenic potentials, such as the Birnam wood moving."

"On the stage it's only possible symbolically. But on films it would be a tremendous visual experience."

There is a limit, however, to how much more both Burtons are ready to do.

Richard talks about retiring at 50, and Elizabeth thinks in terms of another four or five years, maybe even less.

"Since 'Cleopatra' five years ago, we've managed to do eight films apiece and be together in seven of them," Elizabeth said.

"Richard says we'll start looking like Laurel and Hardy, and I ask him what's wrong with that. They did all right, didn't they?"

"We will never be separated. Either we will work together in the same film or back to back in the same area on different films — or we will stagger our work to be together if one of us is working alone."

"This isn't too good for me, because I tend to accept any role, even a small one, to be with Richard."

"But I don't care. He's more important — as an actor, as my husband."

Elizabeth feels her biggest role will be after she retires, a role that will finally require all her considerable talents as an actress and as a woman. And she plans to be on permanent call.

"Being the wife of Richard Burton is no walk-on — thank God!"

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RICHARD: "Monogamy is one of man's greatest inventions. Polygamy requires him to lie and deceive."

defeat me. With it, I could master my own destiny.

"But then I met Elizabeth, and we fell in love, and with my highly muscular intelligence we fought it like dogs.

"We fought it for a year, and all that time I kept thinking my muscular intelligence would get me out of it.

"But it didn't.

"Instead, love or the spirit inside us — or whatever it was — rode over everything else. It also made me grow up very fast. Perhaps I had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

"Elizabeth and I had met nineteen years previously, in California.

"At that time, I thought she was the most fascinating, delicious, and difficult beauty I had ever seen.

"I would have given anything to have had her then, but we both admitted later that any joining of our lives at that time would have been a disaster. Neither one of us was ready for the other."

Elizabeth returned, followed by a servant with a bottle of expensive brandy. She saw Eren So waiting for another tummy scratch.

"That dog," she said, "has one trick. Only one, but Richard has him do it before everyone, to show that his dog knows something — and mine not a damn thing."

"Somebody has to hold up the family honor, Maxie," said Burton.

"You can say that again — in spades, Agatha," said Elizabeth.

Burton smiled at her and rose to join his friends on the afterdeck.

He's 42 and looks it. His hair is receding, and his face is heavier than a year ago.

But his body is still in good form, his shoulders heavy and broad, and his deep, 42in. chest still charges his voice with a tympanic resonance and a sense of massive Welsh vitality.

"I have to go," he said. "Stanley Baker's out there telling stories about my father and claiming they happened to his old man. It's a bloody outrage."

overwhelming that I have to reach out and touch Richard just to know where the land is. If I can't do that, if we are at a dinner party or separated somewhere, I look at him, and he knows it, and it is as if we are touching. It's strange, too, how our ups and downs — the waves we both feel — seem to rise and fall in the same rhythm."

After five marriages, ringed with error and tragedy, and with some luck, she had finally found the man of her life.

To exist without him was unthinkable. To be unfaithful would be an act of wanton destruction.

"First of all, I love Richard and wouldn't dream of looking at another man. I don't want anybody else. There's not even the seed for this in me.

"But if it should happen in ten years when I go through menopause, I think I would kill myself. Because that's what the act would amount to.

"Richard and I went through hell to be together — so did a lot of others around us. Now that we are together, all of it makes sense and has its own form of special beauty, born of our love for each other.

"But if we admit someone else under our roof, then everything we have built crumbles, and all that we have suffered makes no longer any sense.

"If either one of us is unfaithful, he not only hurts the other but also destroys himself."

Earlier Richard had admitted that both he and Elizabeth suffer from a sense of insecurity.

"I think," he had written, "one of the reasons is the uncertainty of how long it will last and also because an artist must feel insecure to act well."

Elizabeth felt this sense of insecurity came from their extreme happiness rather than their doubt about each other.

"It's so exciting now between us, we wonder how long it can last — and what we did to deserve it.

ELIZABETH: "We're really just like any other couple." (They're paid a million dollars per film.)

it feels so good that I do it three times a day.

"I think dieting can get out of hand. A woman worrying about staying thin can create a bundle of nerves that will drive her husband out into the night.

"A man wants a home where he can relax and enjoy his family, without confusion or worry.

"Give him that, and if you have a behind as big as a streetcar it won't matter, because the real weight is off you."

Furthermore, weight wasn't everything.

"A woman can be big and still be sexy. It depends on how she feels inside.

spreading it around, and believe me, Charlie, we do just that. We spread it all over the place."

The list of people who are supported or otherwise aided by the Burtons is one of their most ferociously guarded secrets.

Numerous crippled children walk again because of them; families are helped through crises; actors are hailed out of hock, old friends set up in business ventures.

They never mention it, because they both believe it's bad taste to discuss such things and also because they share a massive distrust of the Press.

SEEKER'S FIRST BABY



NO sound track came with the first picture of the first child of Keith Potger, the first married member of the famous Australian singing group the Seekers, but the young man is not at an age when entrancing harmonies are his line.

"He looks like Britain's Harold Wilson, but he still gets my vote," Keith said when he visited his wife, Pamela, in hospital and met son Mathew.

Mathew, his parents, and the other members of the Seekers, Judith Durham, Athol Guy, and Bruce Woodley, are now back in Australia, where they have spent their Christmas holidays, spanned the continent on a triumphal tour, and made a TV special for the National Nine Network.

The special, planned as "The Seekers Scrap Book," will trace the history of the group through its early struggles to triumphs that have made them internationally famous. It will be semi-documentary and feature all their hit numbers.

All the Seekers, rested and recharged after their Australian holiday, are determined that "The Seekers Scrap Book," to be telecast early in the 1968 TV season, will be their best effort ever.

—NAN MUSGROVE.

KEITH POTGER, wife **Pamela**, and five-day-old son **Mathew**. Below, from left, Seekers **Athol Guy**, **Judith Durham**, **Keith Potger**, **Bruce Woodley**, now in Australia.

Television



● Giuseppe Di Stefano, one of the world's most famous tenors and one of the most engaging personalities to visit Australia, says many a singer is ...

"Like a bird in a golden cage"

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television



GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO, who will bring viewers a feast of singing in the "BP Super Show on Holidays," TCN9, on January 17.

GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO is the star of TCN9's "BP Super Show on Holidays," a half-hour of glorious singing on Wednesday, January 17, at 9.30 p.m.

"Ay Ay Ay" and "None Shall Sleep," from Puccini's "Turandot," are featured, as well as many Neapolitan folk songs.

Di Stefano describes himself as "a dark tenor with male timbre in the voice." It is a good description, but it doesn't describe either his good looks or his friendly charm.

He is a Sicilian, a volatile, outgoing character who not only sings well but enjoys every minute of it.

"If you have a voice," he said during his recent season in Australia, "you are supposed to be like a bird in a golden cage. You can't smoke or drink or make love too much. It is rest, rest, rest. All my colleagues lead such dull lives."

"I sing all the year round, but never alone for pleasure — to an audience. For me, singing is like talking, and I would never talk to myself."

Some serious music critics say Di Stefano sings too much, overworks his voice, but this is not apparent in his special. It is delightful.

Di Stefano's "BP Super Show on Holidays" will be very welcome in Sydney, where, during his Australian season last year, more than 2000 people were turned away from the Town Hall when he became ill the day of the concert.

Both Di Stefano and his accompanist, Ivor Newton,

contracted throat infections and influenza and had to cancel not only the original concert but the concert scheduled to replace it, and left the country without singing a note in Sydney.

He says his voice has twice changed the direction of his life dramatically.

He was born in Catania in Sicily, spent his early years there, and went to Milan with his family (his father was a violinist his mother musical) when he was five.

By the time he was 15 young Giuseppe was in a seminary studying for the priesthood. Immediately his voice was recognised as being extraordinarily good, and his training began.

Not long afterward he decided that singing and the secular life would suit him better, and he left the seminary.

Today he says he is "not religious" yet singing has something mystical for him. He says he sees the happiness he gives his listeners as "perhaps a religious thing."

His voice changed the course of his life again later during World War II when as a member of the Italian Army he was on his way to fight on the Russian front.

His commanding officer heard him singing and sent him back to Italy because he considered his voice was so good that his life should not be risked on the Russian front.

Giuseppe is married with three children, a son of 16 and two younger daughters. They are all musical, but not the same way as Dad.

Giuseppe, jun., at 16 manages and plays in a rhythm and blues band that rehearses in the basement of

the Di Stefano villa on the outskirts of Milan.

Giuseppe, sen., just shrugs off his son's orchestra, and refuses to say whether his son's taste is musically bad or good.

His own way of music is full of pleasure and very well worth listening to.

A new set of values

"CARIBOU COUNTRY," a new dramatic series set in Canada's British Columbia, is one of the nicest things to have happened for some time on TV — it takes city dwellers out of their glass-and-concrete dwellings into the country and a new set of values.

I sometimes wonder whether programmers on TV channels know how refreshing this is. Everything seems to be more basic, more simple, and directly dealt with than in the city.

The first of the series, "Sale of a Small Ranch," tells the story of a rancher called Smith, who wants to keep his small farm despite rich takeover bids from the big cattle empires.

Finally, Smith, because of his wife's determination to get away from the harsh country, decides to parley with the cattlemen. On the way to the rendezvous with them, cars break down, all kinds of things happen.

Smith doesn't sell in the end, I'm pleased to say, but that wasn't the whole story. It was also a love story that revealed the hidden, deep love resting on the solid foundations of years of married life.

Smith's wife during the deal is obstinately for selling the ranch, says she'll leave him if he doesn't.

Later, listening to the dealings with the agents and through the tragedy with their favorite mare, she realises how right he is in his determination not to sell, and tells him so.

In one of the most true-to-life and tender passages I have seen on TV, Smith and his wife fix up their troubles.

"I understand you when you snarl at me about things," he told her, "but when you come to me wag-

ging your tail it makes me uneasy," and went off wondering but happy.

If "Caribou Country" (ABC-TV, Thursdays, 9.30 p.m.) continues as it started, I won't miss it.

Australia's "Power Game"

TELEVISION has done a magnificent job with its news on the election of Australia's new Prime Minister, Senator John Gorton, and the frenzied political situation that surrounded it.

Every channel did an admirable job, but for my money TCN9 topped the lot — they faded out the new Prime Minister's first TV appearance immediately after his election as Liberal leader with the theme music of "The Power Game," the exciting TV serial about the machinations and intrigue of big business.

It was a subtle and fitting punchline to the political excitement of the day.

Janssen runs to keep up

"THE FUGITIVE," that harassed, wearied man Dr. Richard Kimble, who still runs eluding the police every Tuesday night at 8.30 across TCN9's screen, has, as everyone knows, ended in America.

In Australia, we are behind the American screenings and won't see the dramatic denouement of this excellent series until later in the 1968 season.

But I often wondered about David Janssen, who played its hero, and wondered how he adjusted to being out of regular work after the years and years he ran in "The Fugitive."

I find the poor man is still running — but running to

keep up with the wonderful jobs that he is doing.

Right now he's packing to go to Rome to play the third lead in MGM's monumental movie version of Australian Morris West's book "The Shoes of the Fisherman."

Janssen has the key part of a public-relations man in the service of the Vatican. The other two stars are Anthony Quinn ("Zorba the Greek"), who plays the Russian Pope, and Sir Laurence Olivier, so he's in good company professionally.

When the series came to an end, Janssen, with his wife, Ellie, took off and went marlin fishing in the Virgin Islands. Afterward he continued holidaying in England and Spain, and later showed up in Africa to do some lion hunting.

This was his first work after "The Fugitive," for his lion hunting was for a special TV series, "American Sportsman."

Janssen says he hated killing the lion but he loved Africa.

After this he took to work again and went to West Virginia, where he co-starred with John Wayne in a Wayne-directed picture called "Greens."

Janssen played the role of a war correspondent in Vietnam, and according to him the 17-week filming was a lot more strenuous than making "The Fugitive."

He hardly had time to draw breath when Bob Hope signed him to appear as a guest star on his show in a comedy role. He enjoyed the change and has agreed to do more comedy with Hope later in the year.

Janssen's agent, Abby Greshler, hesitated over signing him up for the four months abroad it will take to make "The Shoes of the Fisherman," but Janssen is very happy about it.

He had just sold his Beverly Hills mansion that was all marble and swimming-pool to switch to a penthouse and was temporarily homeless.

He and Ellie were also giving up their Palm Springs home to start building a new desert home, a magnificent house on top of a mountain

which will be their future home base, so the Roman stay fitted in with their plans.

Negotiations for "The Shoes of the Fisherman" took longer than was anticipated because Janssen's price has gone up reportedly into the half-a-million-dollars-a-picture bracket, but agreement was reached just after Christmas.

Janssen has to report to Rome on February 8, and signed to work in the picture for a total of 20 weeks, which is about twice the length of a run-of-the-mill movie.

"I guess we'll rent a villa on the Appian Way," Janssen said the other day. "I leave this to Ellie. She is coming with me, of course."

"WORLD OF WODEHOUSE," ABC-TV's new Sunday night show with Sir Ralph Richardson as Lord Emsworth, has been the great disappointment of ABC-TV's little-season offerings.

Richardson is ghastly as Emsworth, overacting to the point where you wonder whether he was ever any good, and the whole thing is crass and ridiculous.

I adored "The World of Wooster," with Ian Carmichael as Bertie and Dennis Price as Jeeves, and I expected to do the same with "World of Wodehouse," but no — I think Wodehouse's world is to be avoided.

Children galore!

JUDGING from the response to TCN9's open auditions for children who wanted parts in "The Unloved" there are more child actors/actresses in Sydney than producers realised.

More than 700 aspirants were turned away from the Tivoli Theatre on the first audition night because the house was full; the same thing happened the second night, and a third night's auditions had to be held.

Marion Dreyer (Mrs. Rodney Cooper in private life) originally sold the idea of "The Unloved" to NLT, who are producing it for TCN9.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said: "What has happened to bathing-suits? Remember the good old days when you couldn't go in swimming because you had a hole in the knee? Now they seem to be wearing the holes. I saw a girl on the beach the other day and I couldn't tell what color swimsuit she was wearing — her back was turned. Where is it all going to end?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: Give a girl an inch nowadays and she'll wear it to the beach.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



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LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Thought needed

VISITORS taking gifts to patients in hospital should use a little thought. I have the use of only one hand and was given a powder compact I could not open, hand lotion I could not apply, and skin perfume from which I could not remove the stopper. It is practically impossible for a person with the use of only one hand to open a tin (they can do up buttons, but cannot tie a bow). And it is frustrating to try to open a parcel well-fastened with sticky tape.

\$2 to "Miss D." (name supplied), Lower Hutt, N.Z.

Why not accept help?

A NEW AUSTRALIAN who has been here for 11 years, I have suffered considerable bad luck like ill-health and financial troubles. But, thanks to the Australian people, I managed to pull through these hard times, and am eternally grateful to those who helped me. I can't understand why there are so many unhappy migrants. Is it the thought of accepting help? I have learned that people help out of the goodness of their hearts, not because they have to, and am proud to raise my children as Australians.

\$2 to "Dutchie" (name supplied), Dumbleyung, W.A.

Two pet hates

OF my two pet hates, the first is public toilets without hooks on the doors for handbags, etc. My second hate is doorbells that are inaccessible because of flyscreens which are snipped shut. It is almost impossible to make oneself heard by tapping on a screen door.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Bowler, Blakehurst, N.S.W.

Child's reasoning

I WAS aged seven, walking to school, when a gentleman asked me if I knew where the presbytery was. I answered that there were a lot of trees in William Street, but I did not know which was the presbyter tree.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Marsh, East Maitland, N.S.W.

Unanswerable

QUIETNESS means trouble, and, disturbed, I looked out the kitchen window to see a pair of very small boys, soaked, and having a delightful time with the hose. I started to reprimand them, but they told me I shouldn't, for they had taken off their shoes and socks so they wouldn't get wet. What could you do?

\$2 to Miss L. Clark, Howrah, Tas.

Contented mind

NOWADAYS so much emphasis is placed on a suitable diet to achieve good health that people are apt to overlook the fact that a contented and cheerful mind is one of the most valuable contributions to physical well-being.

\$2 to "Regular Reader" (name supplied), Beenleigh, Qld.

Husbands' presence in labor wards

I WAS fortunate enough, "Flat Out," to have my husband present at the birth of our last baby, and to both of us it was a wonderful thrill. He was absolutely fascinated with the whole procedure, and they didn't have to pick him up from the floor. If we have more children, I would be very disappointed if he couldn't be there.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Lynch, Kenmore, Qld.

ALTHOUGH thrilled about our expected child, my husband worries greatly if I feel even slightly ill. I am sure he would be horrified by any pain caused by the birth and would, I think, resent the child for causing

it. In our case I am against the presence of my husband in the labor ward, and much prefer him to keep his idea of "the wonder of child-birth" intact.

\$2 to "Expectant" (name supplied), Roseville, N.S.W.

THROUGHOUT the birth of our first child, my husband was the greatest possible comfort to me. We had swotted up the whole proceedings and knew what to expect, including a few irregularities. I had attended classes for exercises and breath control, and he supervised my practice at home. The whole experience drew us closer.

\$2 to P.J.M. (name supplied), O'Halloran Hill, S.A.

HAVING no intention of staying with me, since it was to be a difficult birth, my husband remained with me longer than anticipated.

COURT DRESS



Britain's youngest barrister, 21-year-old Rita Oldak.

● The chairman of the English Bar Council has written to all women barristers advising them to conform to the "traditional sober costume." Judges have complained about light dresses, long hair showing under wigs, and mini-skirts.

A judge affects an other-worldliness,
Demands translation of colloquial terms,
And innocence extends to current dress —
His Honor, when he sees it, sighs and squirms.
So, should you happen to commit a tort,
Remember that there's nothing to be gained
By choosing for defence a swinging sort —
The quality of mercy might be strained.

— Dorothy Drain

Anybody's guess

AMONG the awkward questions children ask, I wonder if any is worse than when an aspiring young artist presents the dubious result of a hard morning's work and says, "Guess what this is, Mum."

\$2 to Mrs. B. Roberts, Seaton, S.A.

The realistic way

IF trying to decide on a course of action, consider the worst that could happen. If you are prepared to accept the worst — act. If not, don't act. Having been prepared for the worst, you usually succeed because it stops you failing (by losing heart) when you begin to feel sorry you ever started.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Wallis, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Expression of sympathy

SO many obituary notices end with the words "no cards or flowers by request." This debars many old friends who would like to show their respect and express their sympathy to the bereaved. To me it always seems so final and hard and I wonder what is the reason for such notices.

\$2 to "Wondering" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

He held my hand, whispered words of love and encouragement, and before he knew it, the actual birth was imminent and he watched his 10lb. 10oz. child being born. He says it was truly a wonderful miracle, believes there is a greater bond because of it, and intends to be with me when we have more additions to our family.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Mann, West Preston, Vic.

FOR the birth of our first baby, my husband was by my side for the ten hours of my labor, giving me the company and comfort the doctor and sister could not give me for all that time. He never once got in the way, and, 11 months after the birth, he still talks about what a marvellous sight it was. He will be by my side for the next one.

\$2 to Mrs. Kay Kitchin, Noble Park, Vic.

WITH my first baby I was in labor at visiting time, and when my worried husband came to inquire, the nurses sent him to sit with me. As soon as he arrived, so did the baby. My poor husband let out a yell and took to his heels. With the next baby, he wasn't to be seen until much later.

\$2 to "Mother" (name supplied), Stafford, Qld.

IT is my luck to have a husband interested in everything. He read books with me, and when the day of labor arrived, was able to help me greatly. The doctor allowed him into the delivery room, and he was the first to tell me that it was a long-wished-for boy. Later he said he could never hope for a more wonderful experience than to have been there at the birth of his child.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Dellaportas, Mt. Martha, Vic.



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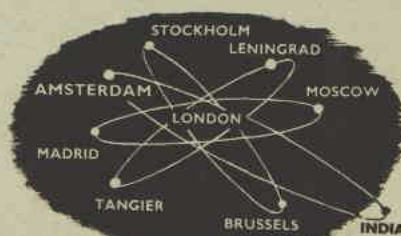
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"Some JOHNSON'S for you,
and some for me. Some for
you, and some for me . . ."

(THINKS)

"Mummy once said she and her
mother enjoyed this same pleasant
little ritual with JOHNSON'S. All
told, it's been in our family for
four generations."



Johnson & Johnson

"Best for baby, best for you."



Picture by DOUGLASS BAGLIN

On the way to the mountains

● How green and peaceful is this valley at Corryong, in the beautiful Upper Murray district, a thousand feet above sea level, with part of the Snowy Mountain ranges in the distance. The pretty town of Corryong is tucked away in the extreme north-east corner of Victoria, straddling the highway into the alps. The countryside is noted for its cattle and its trout-fishing, as well as the scenery. Of interest to tourists who admire Banjo Paterson's verse is the town cemetery, where a local bushman, Jack Riley, is buried under a headstone inscribed, "In Memory of the Man from Snowy River."

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA



"AM I late?" Pierre Stapleton, a small standard poodle, arrived at the party panting, after making his entrance rather unconventionally over the garden fence.

Fun, food, and frolics at a top dog party



IT was a very pukka-type party. The guests, handsome and impeccably groomed, came from a long line of aristocrats. The food, different from the usual party fare, was the kind that dreams are made of.

The party was at the beach home of Doris Budge, Flo Francisco, and Billie Coyle, at Bribie Island, 50 miles from Brisbane.

With a household of exuberant dogs just out of puppyhood, they decided to let their pets have open house for their playmates on the island.

The hosts were Sally Budge (bulldog), T'Ang Budge (pekingese), Buster Francisco (boxer), and Billie Coyle (boxer). Among their guests were Rex Kingdon (alsatian), Max Schragg (dachshund), and Pierre Stapleton (French poodle).

In the unaccustomed elegance of their surroundings, all were on their best behaviour, perfectly willing to eat chops and steak from the same plate. No one did anything vulgar like dragging food across the carpet.

Usually they play in the backyard, but for the party they were allowed upstairs in the big carpeted room overlooking the sea. Best of all, there were no tiresome mortals to portend out the food.

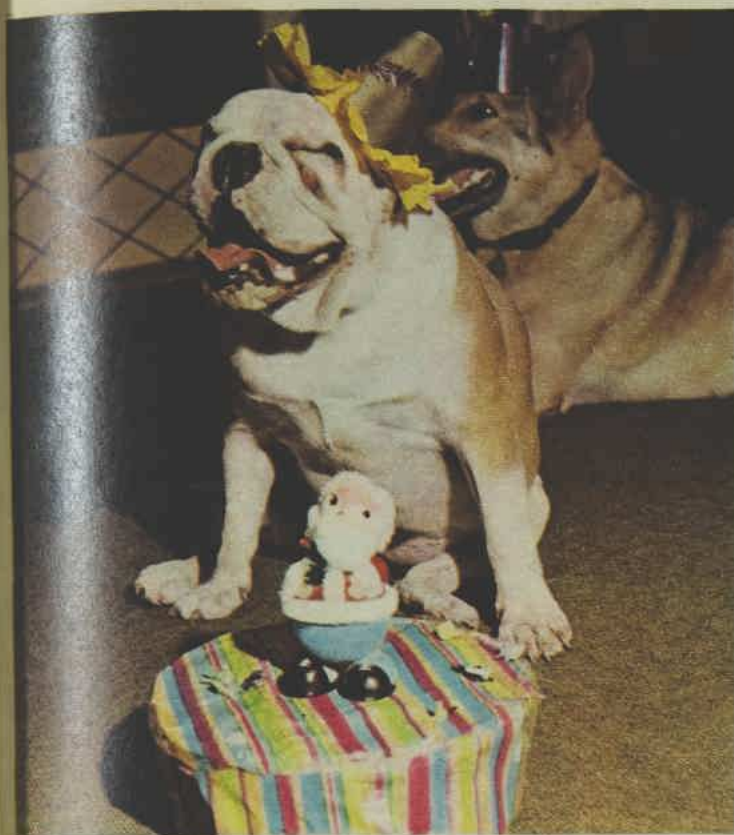
Bulldog Sally, the toastmistress, unfortunately had one sip of milk too many and passed out quietly in a corner. As she said just before sinking into a deep sleep, "It's a wise girl who knows when she's had enough."

The party over, the hosts' owners had little more to do than sweep up a few crumbs. "Much easier than a people's party," they agreed.

Miss Budge and Miss Coyle are former Army nursing sisters, and Miss Francisco is a well-known tennis professional and former titleholder. All three make Bribie Island their home and commute to Brisbane for their business interests.

—Marjorie Stapleton

"HOW delicious! A whole plate of chops and no fussy people around to dole them out." T'Ang Budge, the pekingese, looked over all the rich treats at the party before settling for the juicy meat. He remembered his party manners and shared it with his guests.



"I FEEL a bit of a fool in this little hat, but I suppose there wasn't one big enough to fit me." Bulldog Sally Budge looks pensive, but alsation Rex Kington was a perfect gentleman. He didn't bat an eyelid at the way-out party gear being worn by "the girls."



"ACTUALLY I think this hat is rather me, don't you?" Rex, the largest dog at the party, was a wonderful guest, looking after the little ones. His "family" are Mr. and Mrs. Noel Kington and their son, Bernie, Bribie Island, Qld.



"SO glad you could come." Host Buster Francisco, a boxer, wasted no time in extending a welcome to dachshund Maxie Schragg, who toddled to the party from across the street as fast as his little legs allowed.



"I HEAR white poodles are having their coats dyed chocolate-brown ever since Paris decreed that chocolate is the winter fashion color on the Continent." Pierre, a natural brownette, couldn't help feeling just a little superior at being a fashion season ahead.



"IT'S a wise girl who knows when she's had enough." For Sally Budge, the toastmistress, the party was over. Sated with food, drink, and frolicking, she felt she never wanted to see food or touch another drop again. Sleep is what she needed most.

Pictures by BOB MILLAR

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PEEL A CAN AND TASTE THE SUNSHINE

"Beware of penguins crossing the road"

By SHIRLEY W. WIENCKE

● We had a trip to Tasmania last January, and after booking on the Princess well in advance set about planning to see as much of the island as possible without being tied to a strict schedule.

HAVING four young children, we did not think we could chance getting accommodation in summer.

So we borrowed a small tent, a camping stove, packed the children's sleeping bags, a picnic table, and a few odds and ends.

We had a mattress and a couple of blankets, and planned to sleep in the back of the station sedan.

We booked for four nights at a hotel on Bruny Island, south from Hobart. This meant that, with three days to travel down the west coast, four nights on Bruny, and five days exploring the east coast, our holiday time would be accounted for.

Packing was not a problem. We simply loaded up the wagon and drove it on to the Princess.

It was wonderful sitting out on the deck enjoying the cool evening and the balmy sea air before going in to dinner.

Next morning, we were anxious for our first glimpse of Tasmania. The skies were blue, the sea reflected the rays of the early morning sun, and everyone on board in a gay holiday mood.

Gazing into the distance we were just able to make out the land ahead, though all viewed with alarm the mounting grey clouds over the island. They seemed to spread and darken even as we watched, until soon the first drops of rain began to fall.

We berthed at Devonport and the rain cleared as we drove around. We were struck by the very obvious difference in the pace of life, and the relaxed atmosphere everywhere.

We headed toward Burnie, then straight down to Queenstown through wonderful rugged mountainous country.

It rained heavily throughout the drive, but this seemed to add grandeur and a strange beauty to the mountains surrounding us.

The rain forced us to look for shelter, and we were lucky enough to get good accommodation at a hotel.

The next morning was fine (we were told by local residents that it rains 366 days every year in Queenstown) and we were captivated by the brilliance of the rainbow-

NARROW ISTHMUS joining North and South Bruny Island, where motorists are warned to look out for penguins.

BELOW: Members of the Wiencke family visit the ruins at Port Arthur.



A TRAVELLER'S TALE

colored, bare rock mountain slopes completely ringing the town.

We clambered aboard an old bus, and were driven up around the mines.

The driver stopped here and there, and we were able to collect a number of beautifully marked rocks and samples of copper ore, etc., and from many hundreds of feet up we stopped to watch blasting operations far below.

We drove off with many backward glances at the spectacular formation and color of the rocky mountains.

Soon we were looking ahead to Tarraleah. The scenery had changed once again — wild mountain ranges, lonely valleys, and dense rain forests, with numerous rivers and creeks and little waterfalls cascading down the mountains.

Tarraleah is a Hydro Commission town, beautifully situated and planned, and we arrived in time to set up our tent before dark.

As we drove around the power stations and dams the next day, we were impressed with the achievements of man.

Natural lakes are made larger by dams, and new lakes are created where none existed before.

Canals and tunnels conduct the water through precipitous mountains, and steel pipes plunge to the turbines in the power stations below.

We explored points of interest before heading for Hobart, travelling through the lovely Derwent Valley with its orchards and hop fields.

The whole area of the Derwent Valley breathes history, the undefinable scent of great things of the

past. We passed through New Norfolk and into Hobart.

The weather was lovely — warm and still, with clear starry nights, and there is a lot to be said for sleeping out on nights such as these.

We were becoming camping experts by now, and were able to pack up and hit the road very efficiently the next morning.

We drove to Kettering, and on to the car ferry to cross to Bruny.

On this sunny calm morning, the merging blues of the sea, mountains, and sky, and the peace and stillness all around us as we travelled across this stretch of sea, made a scene always to be remembered.

We pulled into Barnes Bay, drove off again, and travelled down to Alonnah, where we were to stay.

Lighthouse

Bruny Island is really two islands joined by a narrow isthmus. We were staying in the southern island, and were intrigued by the eye-catching notices at the approach to the narrow neck of land which warned motorists to "Beware of Penguins Crossing the Road."

The various bays around the island all have their own beauty, but I think Adventure Bay was our favorite, where early navigators landed in search of fresh water and rest.

The early whalers also had a settlement there, but deserted it when they heard of the gold rush in Victoria.

We climbed the hundreds of steps to the top of the spiral staircase in the ancient lighthouse, built by convicts in 1836.

Leaving Bruny we drove to Hobart. The view at night from a vantage point halfway up Mount Wellington was a glorious fairyland of lights.

From the top of Hobart's big sheltering mountain, next day, we looked down on the rapidly developing capital of Tasmania. It is an easy-going, friendly city — the very old rubbing shoulders with the new, ultra-modern buildings.

The tour through a chocolate factory was for the children a highlight of our holiday, and we all came away laden with samples.

We headed for Port Arthur, staying overnight in a furnished cabin which we rented cheaply at Eaglehawk Neck. Next day we visited the old penal settlement, but, surrounded as it is by lawns, well-kept gardens, and lovely old trees, it was hard for us to recapture the horror of those earlier years.

The ruins are, however, a grim reminder of past history.

We continued up the east coast — reputedly the most beautiful part of Tasmania. We camped right by the sea at Orford, lunched the next day at Swansea (a lovely tourist town), and drove on to Bichino, where we camped again.

After a day on the beach and a luxury dinner at one of Bichino's modern motels, we set off for St. Helen's.

Here we again rented a cabin for the night, which made a change from camping.

Launceston was our next overnight stop, then we went through to Deloraine and on to Devonport, passing through beautiful farming areas, undulating, gentle country reminiscent of the English countryside.

We drove into Devonport sadly; it was almost time to leave this lovely island.

We boarded the Princess waiting to ferry us across Bass Strait, and as it pulled out from Devonport, we began to talk about our next holiday in Tasmania.

WHITE COTTON

● Designers often dip into Mexico for ideas, lifting such items as the poncho, the loose shirt, and the wide straw hat. Now they are discovering the romantic lace-trimmed white "best" dress worn by women in Vera Cruz and Tabasco.

This is a wonderful fashion for Australia. It suits the climate, and white cotton and lace can be bought in almost any store.

Now look into the future and switch your thinking to black velvet. Absent from wardrobes for many seasons.



● Festive one-piece cotton dress, above, has a lace trim and low-slung bodice. The wide-brimmed hat in smooth white straw has a flower-and-ribbon streamer trim.

● Tucks and lace trim the long-sleeved, short-cut, one-piece dress, right. The dress is worn with a gay ribbon-and-flower headdress with long streamer ends.



and BLACK VELVET

it's back again, to stand alone or be brightened with icy-white lace.

I believe black velvet will be a high-fashion seller in Australia and it's available in most stores. Yves St. Laurent started it all with his black velvet knickersuit worn with a matching wide-brimmed hat. The suit was designed for the cocktail hour.

Now follow pant- and culotte-suits with touches of white, and little lace-trimmed nursery dresses. Paris has gone mad about Roger Vivier's velvet shoes.

by
BETTY KEEP



● Black velvet twosome. Far left, the suit is worn with a white blouse. Left, a wide-legged suit with a white crochet plastron trim.

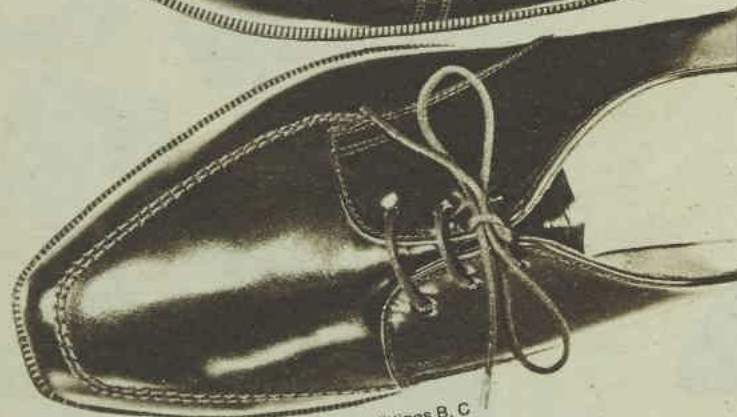
● Straight-cut black velvet dress, above, has below-elbow sleeves trimmed with white lace. The white lace is repeated at the hemline.



Paddle school shoes guaranteed to wear longer they're 'action tested'



Sterling for boys—Black—sizes 2 x 11— injection moulded soles



Maxine for girls—Black & Tan— sizes 4 x 10— fittings B, C



Every 4 months Paddle select 50 highly active school children. They present them all with a pair of Paddle shoes. And ask them to wear the shoes out. If they can. We call this 'Action Testing'. Certainly the shoes take a lot of punishment. We know, because all the shoes we give out come back to our research laboratories. There, our industrial chemist makes exhaustive scientific tests on them. For wear, for shape retention, for fit and comfort. We've been using the 'Action Tested' system for over 8 years now. We've made a lot of improvements. All our shoes now have long-wearing injection moulded soles, for instance (see inset). And these improvements enable us to **guarantee** our shoes will wear longer. Paddle school shoes come in a wide range of attractive styles, in fractional fittings. Buy one for your youngsters. Healthy feet and Paddle shoes go together, rough 'n' tumble.

PADDLE

'action tested' for guaranteed longer wear.

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This American - designed dress and matching jacket have been chosen for a pre-autumn ensemble for a reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I have 5½ yards of 36-inch material for which I need a pattern for a dress and jacket to bridge the seasons. I want the frock to be sleeveless and the jacket to be made without a collar and revers, as I am not a very experienced dressmaker. I want the pattern for a 34-inch bust."

Illustrated at right and below is the dress-and-jacket ensemble I have chosen to answer your query. The slim dress has a bias front yoke and pockets in the side front seams. The long jacket has the same bias front yoke, patch pockets, above-wrist-length sleeves, and a ribbon bow trim. Beside the illustration, below, are how-to-order details.

"I have a deep pink wool pleated skirt for autumn and would like

your advice on what kind of sweater and accessories to add to make a smart outfit."

My choice would be a nigger-brown ribbed sweater and matching low-heeled shoes and handbag. Add pink stockings or tights to match the pink of the skirt.

"Could you provide me with a pattern for a blouse trimmed with lace ruffles? I want to wear the blouse with a long black evening skirt made in crepe. Would this be correct?"

Our pattern department has a very pretty blouse design with a lace ruffle. The pattern also includes three other versions of the basic blouse style. The twosome of a long skirt and lace-trimmed blouse is very new in fashion. To order the pattern, please quote Vogue pattern 7115, the price 70c includes postage. Pattern is

available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No. C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have a navy wool frock from last season and I would like to bring it up to date. The dress is straight and belted and has a V-neckline. Should I wear new accessories?"

With the navy dress wear a striped scarf tucked into the V-neckline, navy opaque stockings, and navy shoes. Add white wrist-gloves and a scarlet leather handbag with a gold chain handle. Check the hemline to see if it just comes to the knee or higher.

"I have 4 yards of floral silk I wish to make into a floor-length frock for an evening function. I have very little wear for a long frock, so I wondered if you could suggest a style I could alter later."

My suggestion is an overblouse and slim, straight ankle-length skirt. Have the overblouse semi-fitted, with a draped or bow-tie neckline. Later, the skirt could be shortened to street-length and you would have an extremely attractive two-piece, suitable for general day wear.

"What color accessories would look smart with a brown-and-white check suit?"

A white blouse—be sure it's tucked into the skirt—and chocolate-brown handbag, gloves, and shoes. Try to find buckled shoes with a fairly sturdy heel.



1771.—Dress and matching jacket in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. An original Vogue Americana pattern, by Teal Traina, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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toothbrushes have
germ fighting action**

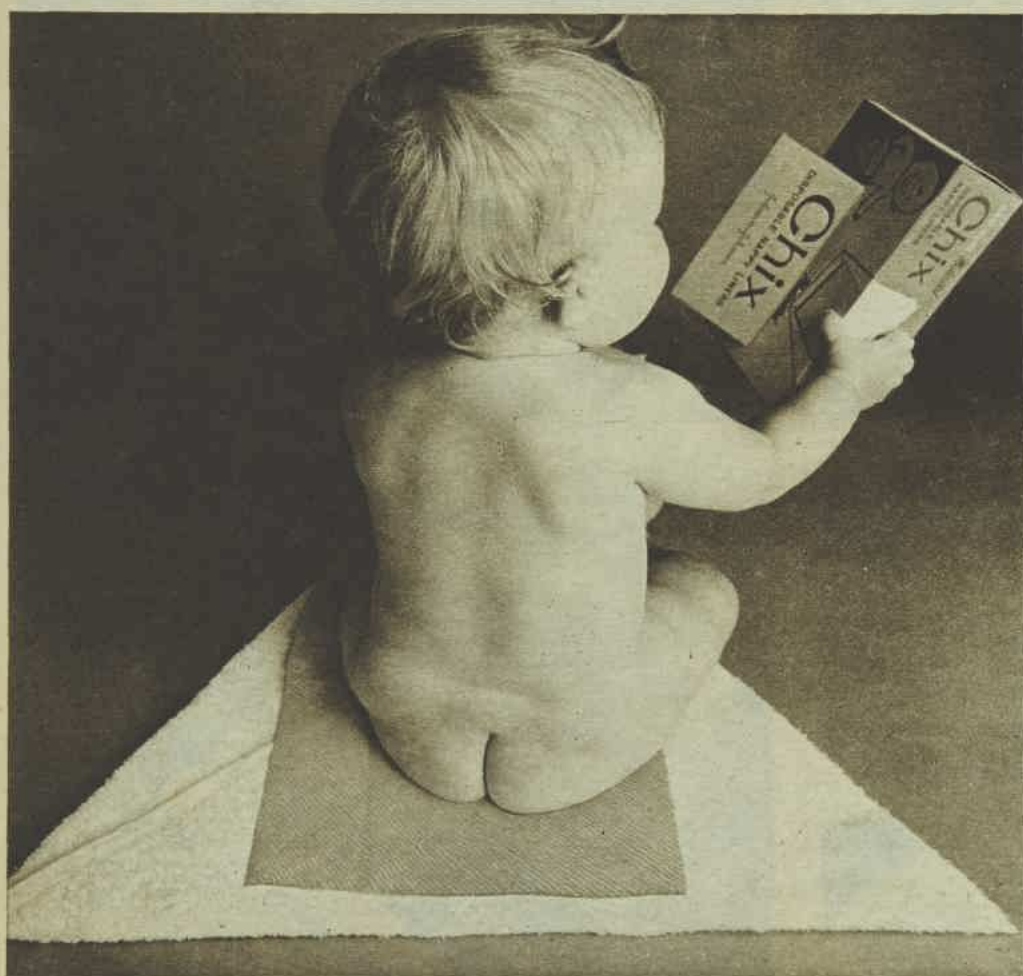
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active anti-germ action for life of brush.

Johnson & Johnson

Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

GIRLS . . . WHY ARE YOU SO OFTEN LATE FOR APPOINTMENTS?



Cut nappy washing time in half with Chix Nappy Liners

Gentle Chix* prevents nappy rash.

- Costs about 1 cent a change
- Only the liner gets soiled—not the nappy
- Medicated to help prevent nappy rash
- They're made of soft fabric—not paper
- Blue lines contain Hexachlorophene
- The liner goes between baby and nappy

Johnson & Johnson



*Trade Mark

© J&J—Jan., 1968

MARY'S job supposedly begins at nine, but she never makes it before 9.25. Each morning she enters the office in an agony of embarrassment, mentally rehearsing the marvellous excuse no one ever asks for. *If only someone would say something*, she thinks.

Joan is so late for her dates with Geoff that he makes cracks about her being the only girl "who can go out with me and stand me up at the same time."

Cynthia has given her husband her solemn promise that "this time I'll be ready in plenty of time," but at the last minute something goes wrong with her hairdo, her costume, her false eyelashes, or her nail enamel — and, again, they miss the opening curtain.

All of us are late *once* in a while, but what makes the chronically late girl late? Let's look at some of the more prevalent reasons:

VANITY LATENESS is traditionally a woman's problem, although today some men are also prone to it. Insecure about her appearance, yet wanting to make a smashing impression, a girl fusses with her make-up, tries her hair with and without a hairpiece, changes her mind five times about what dress and what shoes to wear.

If her boyfriend or husband is present she may ask him how he thinks she looks; but when he tells her she's beautiful she doesn't listen.

The girl who worries inordinately about her appearance is not convinced a man would rather have her be on time, looking like a frump, than late and ravishing. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes later she is still fussing.

STATUS LATENESS: An important executive in a business firm will often feel that he, or she, has a right to be late. In some offices there is a "pecking order" of lateness.

First the minor employees, then the junior executives, then the bosses are expected to arrive. When the top

Looking for the . .

man comes to the office and finds that one of his assistants is not at work yet, he is apt to be angry — not because the man is late but because he *presumes* to be late.

At other companies it is not the top people but other valued or trusted employees who feel it is their privilege not to arrive on time.

At social gatherings the most wealthy, celebrated, or socially prominent guests are apt to be the last to arrive. Their lateness underlines their status and says, "My time is more important than yours."

COQUETTISH LATENESS: Greta knows Dick is waiting on a rainy street corner; she knows they ought to get an early start; yet she dawdles until she is five, ten, fifteen minutes late. When she arrives, she says to herself, smugly: *See, he waited!* Dick, though wet and angry-looking, is inwardly somewhat pleased that she made him wait; it proves, in a way, that she is a desirable creature.

ANTAGONISTIC LATENESS: Candy is ready to leave for her date with Charles, but she's just not in the mood yet. She resents Charles, feels he's wrong for her; yet, somehow, she's unable to refuse when he asks her out. *Let him wait*, Candy decides. She gets out the iron and ironing-board and starts pressing a dress for tomorrow. Thirty minutes go by — *how much do I really hate him?* Lateness can express hostility!

INCENTIVE LATENESS: Anne Marie may have forty minutes in which to turn in a report or two hours to get ready for a date, but she dawdles along until she thinks: *Omigosh, I'm late!* — and turns on the speed, finding exhilaration in the excited last-minute flurry. Such people are "stretch runners" who work well only under pressure; it gives them a sense of urgency and excitement they lack.

"BUSY" LATENESS: Suzy goes out with four different men, studies Russian in her lunch-hour, stays overtime

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 24, 1968

There could be a dozen different hidden reasons,
and they would all bear thinking about—
for you might come to realise some interesting
truths about yourself

By
KARL EASTON, M.D.

at the office to help her boss; at home, she cleans out cupboards at the same time she colors her hair and will faithfully try to write to six old friends (two of whom are in hospital) only half an hour before her date is due to pick her up for the evening!

Like most ambitious people who reach out for more than they can handle, Suzy will no doubt accomplish much in life — but not punctually.

The forms of lateness I have been talking about are more or less "normal," because the people involved are aware of their motives for being late, and because the lateness itself is within socially acceptable limits.

When she was making one of her last films, Marilyn Monroe was often as much as two hours late on the set; with director, co-stars, and a full production crew standing by, her tardiness was costing the movie company about \$10,000 an hour! The "reason" for Miss M's lateness, according to reports, was that she was anxious about her appearance and would not leave the house until she felt that her make-up was perfect and every hair in her coiffure in place.

Hers must have been a truly monumental insecurity. We have no way of knowing what Marilyn Monroe's unconscious drives and motivations really were, but on some level her lateness must have been meant to test those around her: *See how important I am! They all waited for me...*

- When lateness gets out of hand or becomes a puzzle or an emotional problem to the person who is late, we must assume that some degree of unconscious emotional conflict is involved.

The girl who is habitually late for work, for instance, may be unwilling to recognise that she dislikes her job (if she faced this fact, she might be forced to make major changes in her life). By being late she is expressing her distaste for the job: *This is how I feel about you! If you don't like it, fire me!*

- On the other hand, a girl might have (without being fully aware of it) a crush on her boss. In this case her lateness is a form of flirtation, forcing the man to take special notice of her. If her boss becomes concerned, she is unconsciously delighted to have aroused a reaction.

... emotional clues

- Feelings of neglect, of being unwanted, can also drive someone to lateness. The shy, self-effacing woman who has suppressed her desires to relate to others in a positive, outgoing way may find herself becoming a problem to her friends and employers because of her inability to keep to a schedule.

Because others are concerned about her, if only out of annoyance, it becomes a "victory" and satisfies her subconscious wish for greater emotional involvement. Other shy girls are perpetually late because they know at a gathering they will be required to act more outgoing than they can comfortably be.

- The girl who habitually makes her boyfriend or husband wait (or who forgets the date entirely) may have an unconscious desire to alienate the man and break off the relationship. Or, she may be motivated by a strong unconscious attraction to him. Human motives are often devious.

What can a girl do about her lateness problem?

First, she should realise that her lateness represents a reluctance to face whomever or whatever she is late for. This reluctance may spring from severe, deeply rooted emotional conflicts, in which case she is probably acutely unhappy and in need of some form of psychotherapy. The chances are, however, that a little self-awareness and a more open communication with others will go a long way toward resolving her difficulties.

Just being aware that there is an emotional link to lateness can be a help.

The chronically late girl should also make an effort to express her emotions more freely. If lateness is causing a problem between herself and a friend, or a lover, or an employer, she should talk to him about it. It's surprising how easily an honest, open discussion often can clear up wounds and resentments.



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on holidays!**

... take along Chix Disposable Nappies

Take Chix Disposable Nappies on holidays and throw away nappy problems. Chix are soft, absorbent, and medicated to help prevent nappy rash. The soft polythene back of Chix Disposable Nappies means no pants are needed ... just pin straight on.

Johnson & Johnson



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best for all school uniforms



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A special section

BACK TO SCHOOL



THIS year 260,000 children between the ages of five and six will start school. This is 45,000 children more than the number who enrolled for the first time in 1958.

Students who will start secondary school this year for the first time number 230,000. This is 60,000 more than in 1958.

In 1967 there were more than 2,504,840 children attending more than 10,020 schools in Australia.

By ANNE OLSEN

WHAT PARENTS NEED TO BUY

WHAT to buy a child starting school or going to a new school for the first time is always a problem, even apart from the obvious economic factor.

Most schools in Australia have swung over to the idea of school uniforms, and in many ways the idea is a practical one.

From the time a child commences kindergarten, goes through primary on to high school, he or she will have outworn (or outgrown) many uniforms, dozens of pairs of shoes, hats, socks, and underwear.

"Parents complain at the cost of these school requirements," said one store buyer, "but they don't realise their costs would be so much higher if they had to buy the child ordinary daywear for school."

"I suppose the hardest part about shopping for school uniforms is that so much has to be bought all at once to fit the school's specifications, whereas ordinary clothes are bought piece by piece, week by week, and aren't so noticeable an expense."

Many stores have special "Back to School" budget accounts, which help spread the initial cost of buying a new uniform and other

requirements over a few months.

As well as giving individual school requirement lists to inquiring parents, the heads of main private and State schools in each city have deposited "registers" of their uniform requirements with leading retail stores in their appropriate area and city.

The woman who sews her children's uniforms will find most school-style regulation material is stocked in the larger retail stores' material departments and will have only to mention the school in question.

She would be well advised to double-sew seams at stress points and to use durable cotton and zippers.

Where the choice of uniform is open to parents' discretion and has not been determined by the headmaster in consultation with parent bodies, it is a good idea to choose practical hard-wearing designs.

FOR GIRLS

ONE store buyer recommends a straight-through-type uniform for summer and winter, as it needs little alteration for "in between" figure sizes and allows for a schoolgirl's changing figure.

For summer uniforms the store buyer recommends lightweight cool synthetic tetoron blends, which have a

good history for easy washing and no ironing.

The cost of such a uniform ranges from \$6.50 for a five-year-old to \$10 for a 12-year-old.

According to Mr. Lindsay Dowse, Controller for Australia of a large school-wear firm, these summer uniforms, which come in eight different stock colors, are well made and feature nylon zippers to tone.

"For anyone who can wash correctly there's no trouble with these drip-dry uniforms," he said.

In winter there are several uniform styles available. The most popular by far, according to store buyers, and they say the most practical, is the three-box-pleats straight-through uniform in wool and terylene.

"The pleats are siroset and seldom need pressing," said one store buyer.

The standard serge tunic costs from \$8.50 for a five-year-old to \$14.80 for a 12-year-old, while the completely washable tunic is \$10.30 to \$16.80.

"If this box-pleated uniform is often worn back to front, then with its 3in. hem, it could take a careful student through four years of wear," added the store buyer.

The "safety" yellow "wet look" plastic raincoats, which are a must for infant and primary students, cost \$1.75 and may be worn with

matching hats which cost 85 cents.

A special nylon fabric, in many brilliant colors, is guaranteed not to tear and comes in all regulation colors as well as the safety yellow. It costs \$6.25 and its matching hat, \$1.25.

A school blazer in shrink-proof, dye-fast flannel costs from \$8.80 for a five-year-old to \$12.50 for a 12-year-old.

School blouses are available in all styles and colors, in a variety of fabrics from cotton to synthetic blends.

They cost from \$2 for the five-year-old to \$2.50 for the 12-year-old.

School hats cost from \$3 for the ordinary panama summer hat to \$4 for a special nylon straw which holds its shape longer.

Berets for winter cost \$3.30, about the same price as winter velvet hats.

In senior school, where the pupils are now "young ladies" more and more schools have been changing the basic style to make the uniform more attractive and grown-up.

For example, a blazer worn over a matching skirt with white or colored toning blouse is now a popular style.

The blazer and skirt cost about \$22.

For the home dressmaker many simple easy-to-make

patterns are available for school-type blouses.

For blouses, choose fabric which has performed successfully for more than 40 years in school wear.

Three pairs of socks (from 55c to 69c, depending on size) would be the minimum requirement.

A brand of socks which need no garters, but can be worn mid-calf or rolled to the ankle, is available in the basic school colors of grey, black, brown, and navy. They cost 39c to 89c a pair.

For senior girls who are allowed to wear finer stockings there is an excellent brand, guaranteed not to ladder, which sells for \$1.20 a pair. Two pairs would be a minimum requirement.

School gloves — again in regulation school colors — cost as little as 79c a pair.

FOR BOYS

THREE shirts would be a minimum requirement for the five-year-old. They range from \$2 for the plain cotton to \$2.75 for the polyester, viscose, and cotton-mix no-iron fabrics.

Regulation colored cotton shorts are from \$2.50 to Bermuda shorts at \$5.75.

Wool and terylene knickers cost from \$5.95 for the five-year-old; long-sleeve poplin shirts cost \$2.55 and the long-sleeve drip-dry shirts round \$4.

Long summer-weight pants with all-nylon zips and pocket linings to match, double-sewn seams and non-fray pockets are available in main basic school colors of two greys, navy, khaki, and brown.

Prices range from \$5.75 for the small boy to \$8.95 for the teenager.

A standard wool-and-terylene jumper, or the wool-and-nylon mixtures, costs from \$4.95 upward.

Ankle-length socks cost from 58c; knee-length socks, from 90c.

Winter socks of wool and cotton with a small quantity of nylon cost \$1.18 a pair.

The 12-year-old requires long trousers for winter at least (some schools in cooler districts allow their students to wear them all year round).

These trousers in wool and terylene cost from \$7.95 to \$13.95.

A school blazer complete with its pocket and braid averages about \$18.

Drip-dry shirts for the 12-year-old cost from \$2.55 for the poplin type to \$4 for the synthetic non-iron type.

According to one store buyer, a year's wear can be expected from each shirt.

Socks for the 12-year-old cost about \$1.00 a pair and for the 16-year-old, \$1.50.

Continued on page 45

FASHION

4543. — High-waisted A-line dress (left) is sure to be popular with many age groups. It can be made with or without front inverted pleat and has oval neckline or shaped collar. Chest sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. Butterick pattern 4543, price 55 cents includes postage.



7210. — School tunic (right), V-necked, double-breasted, has two pockets on skirt with buttoned flaps and six-gored skirt, neatly belted at waistline. Fashion Uniform pattern 7210, in chest sizes 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36in., price 40 cents includes postage.



7498. — Regulation sports school uniform (above), sleeveless with oval neckline, belted, gored. Chest sizes 30, 32, 34, 36in., price 40 cents includes postage.



524. — Blazer (left) with neat notched lapel collar, pockets, and three-button closing. Sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34in. Butterick pattern 524, price 45 cents. Fashion Uniform pattern 7257, box-pleated tunic (right), sizes 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36in., price 40 cents. Fashion Uniform pattern 5595, blouse (worn with tunic at right), sizes 28, 30, 32, 34in. Price 40 cents. All prices include postage.

IN AND OUT OF THE CLASSROOM WITH BUTTERICK PATTERNS

HERE are 13 patterns that will win top marks for children at school or leisure.

The uniforms are regulation styles and can be adapted to conform with specific school requirements.

The after-school fashions are suitable for play or party wear, according to the fabric they are made in.

Each pattern has an easy-to-follow instruction chart.

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, Post Office, Croydon, N.S.W. 2132, or leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

2123. — Boys' pants and tailored shirt (right). Butterick pattern 2123A dress shirt with button-down collar, long band cuffs, patch pocket, top-stitch detail. Long tailored pants with turned back cuffs. Pattern 2123C, short-sleeved sports shirt, tailored shorts. Chest sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in., price 50 cents. Fashion Uniform pattern 4162, girls' panties, elastic waist and legs. Sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in., price 35 cents.



7280. — School tunic (right) with deep U-shaped neckline front and back and buttons on shoulder. Six-gored skirt and belt. Chest sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30in. Fashion Uniform pattern 7280, price 40 cents includes postage.



560. — Tennis dress (left) with matching tailored shorts, not shown. Princess-line dress has a collar, buttoned front, and a pocket in right-side seam. Chest sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. Butterick pattern 560, price 45 cents includes postage.



4544. — Pinafore dress (above) can be worn with or without blouse or sweater. A-line style with front button opening has patch pockets with flaps. Chest sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. Butterick pattern 4544, price 60 cents includes postage.





BACK TO SCHOOL cont.

Prepare your child

● Before starting school a five-year-old should be able to tie his shoelaces. After playing barefoot games it's a big help to a busy teacher who may have as many as 40 others in the classroom.

● To the five-year-old, starting school should represent fun, the joy of meeting other young playmates, and learning to do new and interesting things.

A lunch wrap that clings to itself, seals freshness in

(GOODBYE OLD PAPER WRAPS)

100 FT.
ONLY

35¢



Double the length, double the value, half the price!

For lunches—simply wrap and turn corners in. Plastic wrap seals itself.

Other uses—Salad, cheese, baked goods taste better, longer, in plastic wrap.

ALL WOOLWORTHS STORES

THOSE first days of school can be a crucial time in the lives of parents and children alike. Parents should be more than usually patient with the child who is excitable and easily stimulated. It is a good idea if parents can give a little time each day to hear the child's account of his daily activities at kindergarten or in first class.

Mothers should be prepared to show interest when the novice student shows his first tries at handwriting, or his first "pictures," or good-behaviour stamps. To enable your child to get the most out of school, make sure you've "conditioned" him to accept the fact that his teacher will be someone to befriend him, not to fear.

Tell the child, too, that he will have to "share" the teacher with many other children and that he must expect he won't be the only one to be looked after, as he was perhaps with mother.

Give him a sense of security and identity by writing his name on all his personal possessions which he will take daily to school, e.g., bag, lunch box, and books.

Identify suitcase

Most five- and six-year-olds are unable to read their own names, so to help them find their suitcase quickly it is a good idea to paste a picture they like and can identify on their suitcase.

Perhaps an elephant, or even a picture of the child himself, will save the child the frustration of looking through rows and rows of identical satchels or cases.

(Lacquer over the picture with clear lacquer to protect it in wet weather.)

Inside write name, address, and telephone number just in case it is left on the bus or in the street.

"I've known some cases where a child won't go home at all because he has lost something and is scared of being reprimanded at home," said one infant schoolmistress.

"If he is taught that a labelled article is often returned to its owner then half the stress involved with losing it is removed."

Before starting at school a child must be able to use the toilet by himself, without the aid of a busy teacher, and he must be encouraged to ask to be excused from the class when the need arises.

He should be able to dress himself, especially to put on and take off his shoes and socks and do up his shoelaces.

"It slows down a class activity if the teacher has to help a child with his shoelaces," the infant schoolmistress explained.

"It is surprising how many children will take off a sweater the wrong way round and then not know how to put it on again after games."

for those first days

"They've been so used to having Mummy do things for them."

"Others don't know how to tie up their own shoes, and I've seen some children refrain completely from taking part in games which needed bare feet, simply because they were too embarrassed when it came to putting on their shoes again."

Schoolteachers welcome the child who starts school with a certain independence, but not boldness, who has been trained to be self-sufficient in many things.

"You can tell the child who has been well trained," said a teacher. "He doesn't run about wildly indoors. He puts books away in his bag, and when he's finished lunch he'll return his lunch box to his bag."

Teacher's note

It is important that a child be encouraged to bring home unscheduled all notes written by the teacher. They should be taught never to discard these, as they could contain important messages to the parent regarding the child's health or behaviour.

He should also be encouraged to eat up all his lunch or to bring home any left-overs in the plastic lunch box, to show his mother the extent of his appetite and his preferences.

Many schools have tuck-shops run by voluntary committees where it is possible to buy healthy sandwiches and milk.

However, often children with money in their pockets will buy most unsuitable lunches, such as only lollies, so most teachers advise a lunch brought from home.

Drinks such as milk or fruit juices brought from home should be in labelled plastic bottles, never glass because of the danger if broken.

If for some reason you are detained and cannot collect your child on time, notify the school so that the child isn't upset when "Mum is late."

● Plastic lunch boxes or plastic lunch wraps help keep sandwiches fresh and appetising for children's school lunches. Encourage a child to bring home left-overs so you will see the extent of his appetite and preferences. It is advisable that milk or fruit juices brought from home be put in plastic bottles because of the danger of glass being broken.



COMFY, STURDY, STYLISH NEW St Mark SCHOOL SHOES

GIRLS & BOYS
10 E
\$4.50
11E; 2-6
\$4.99



"Look at the savings — up to \$1.50 a pair!" Price-conscious Mothers all over Australia are buying NEW St. Mark School Shoes. And they've never been so happy about the results. St. Mark School Shoes last and last. They're made with genuine leather uppers, sturdy rubber soles. Real value for money! Kiddies love them, too. They look so good, feel just right — every minute of the day.

WOOLWORTHS SUPERMARKETS & VARIETY STORES

It's good training

- Send him to school on time each day and every day if possible.
- Talk to him about school activities. Whom did he meet? What did he learn today?
- Give him simple duties round the house to foster his confidence in the performance of small tasks.
- Encourage him by admiring work when it is brought home. Give paintings and handiwork a place of honor, for at least a few days.
- Teach him the safe way of getting on and off buses and to always cross to school in the marked pedestrian lines, looking first right then left and crossing when traffic is clear.
- Warn him against loitering on the way home, visiting friends without permission, or going anywhere with strangers.

THE BIG DAY

● Sometimes the traditional "happiest days of their lives" gets off to a tearful start, but an hour later, the child usually is all smiles, having a wonderful time with new friends.

It is important, on the first day of school enrolment, that mother remains as calm as possible.

A child is quick to sense a mother's rising emotion, and if she feels upset and dubious (perhaps inwardly knowing an era has closed), then this will be passed on unconsciously to the child.

Sometimes on the big day a few tears are shed as the child is reluctant to make the break and enter the school gate, despite his joy in his new shoes, uniform, and schoolbag.

In this case, mother should gently lead him up to teacher or other children and, depending on the strength of the tears, quickly and decisively take her leave.

(Mother would be surprised to see her tearful child an hour later, all smiles, having a wonderful time among his new-found friends.)

Parents can overcome this last-minute fear of school by talking, some months before actual enrolment, of the "time when you are going to school and all the wonder-

ful things you'll learn and do."

Interesting educational toys, specially designed to encourage skills in control and manipulation, alphabet blocks, picture books, and scribble boards are excellent items to have round the child at home, if economic



● The moment of truth, when mother is about to leave her five-year-old at school for the first time. It helps if the child has been carefully prepared for this day months before it arrives.

OUR LIFT-OUT SCHOOL-BOOK LABELS

Cover pictures by Eric Ray, Sydney.
Veteran Car series by George Green, Veteran Car Club of Australia, Sydney.
Fruit pictures and Pink Heath by Stirling Macoboy, Sydney.
Blue Gum by Keith P. Phillips, S.A.
Cooktown Orchid by Cliff Postle, Premier's Department, Brisbane.

circumstances permit, before he starts school.

These stimulate a child's enthusiasm, especially when he knows that at "kinder" he'll be playing with new toys and learning different games.

If parents have always talked favorably about school and made it sound a wonderful fairyland where children learn all sorts of exciting things, then the child will be suitably "primed" to make the break and join the band of schoolgoers quite naturally.

Gradually accustom your

child to being without you for extending periods up to one day a week.

Perhaps a relative or a friend with children could help you here by taking your child for the day occasionally.

THE roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet—Aristotle.

If the youngster is an only child, then invite neighbors' children to your home for fun and games in the back-

yard. You'll find this helps him become accustomed to the idea of sharing his toys and games with others.

If by chance — and it does happen — the child throws a tantrum at the school gate, it is perhaps best to take him home with you.

Many schoolmistresses advise this, saying it is better for the child and for the other schoolchildren that this child be kept at home a little while longer until his attitude toward school has improved.

Smart girls go back to school!!

Now! First bras specially for girls on-the-grow!

Mothers see themselves in the growing young loveliness of their daughters. And they know, better than anyone, how important it is for the growing girl to wear just the right bra. Sugar 'n' Spice by St. Mark in dainty first bra or formative styles are specially designed to support young figures—leaving room to grow, too. When your daughter goes back to school give her the confidence of a Sugar 'n' Spice bra. Styles considerably priced at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

SUGAR 'n' SPICE
(that's what little girls are made of!)
by St. Mark

"Allowance"—Soft cotton cups expand with the growing figure. White. Sizes 28AA, 30AA, 32AA, 34AA, 36AA, 38A, 32A, 34A, 36A. \$1.25.
"Extra Curricular"—Lightly contoured and gently padded for soft natural uplift. White. Sizes 28AA, 30AA, 32AA, 34AA, 36A, 32A, 34A, 36A. \$1.50.

EXCLUSIVE TO
WOOLWORTHS
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



LUNCH-BOX VARIETY

● Here's your guide to the school-lunch problem with enough ideas to provide the most finicky child with a nutritious, appetising, and interesting lunch-box for every day of the school week.

RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



THE SCHOOL LUNCH should include foods from four groups shown here—wholemeal bread; dairy foods; meat, fish, eggs, or cheese; fruit, vegetables.

THE school lunch is as important as any other meal of the day for the growing child and should be planned just as carefully. Keep in mind that it should be interesting to the child so that the food will be eaten with enjoyment and not thrown away and also that it should be well-balanced nutritionally.

A well-balanced lunch will provide something from each of the four main groups of food which supply the body's nutritional needs. They are:—

DAIRY FOODS: These include butter (particularly rich in essential vitamins), milk, and cheese (for bone-building calcium, body building protein, fuel for energy, and vitamins and minerals for good health).

MEAT, FISH, EGGS, CHEESE: Contain high quality body-building protein, fuel for energy, and vitamins and minerals.

BREAD: Wholemeal bread provides fuel for energy, plus important vitamins and minerals.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES: Particularly valuable sources of vitamins and minerals.

To fulfil this four food-groups plan, lunch could consist of wholemeal bread, buttered, with a substantial protein filling of meat, fish, egg, or cheese. Base the filling for one sandwich on at least 1oz. of cooked meat or fish, 1oz. of cheese, or 1 egg; for teenagers, twice this amount may be needed.

Include some crisp, crunchy vegetables, such as carrot or celery sticks, and a crisp piece of fruit, such as an apple. Not only do these foods provide the fruit and vegetable part of the plan but they also help clean the teeth after lunch.

For the younger children, milk is often supplied by the school; however, it is just as important for teenagers. A vacuum flask can be filled with chilled milk or a flavored milk drink.

If carrying milk to school is a problem, pack extra cheese in the lunch; 1oz. of cheese is equivalent to 1 1-3rd pints of milk.

It is important, too, that lunches do not become monotonous. Vary them by including a small salad — lettuce, carrot, and celery sticks, a hard-boiled egg, a whole tomato, for example — in a plastic container or wrapped in plastic food wrapping.

Delicious Sandwiches

Wrap sandwiches in plastic food wrap so that they retain freshness and flavor. To save time in the morning, sandwiches can be prepared the night beforehand, wrapped in plastic food wrapping, and frozen overnight. By lunch-time, when the package is opened, the sandwiches will have thawed and will be beautifully fresh.

If freezing sandwiches, do not use fillings such as tomato, which will become watery when thawed out; lettuce, also, does not freeze well.

Here are suggestions for sandwich fillings for lunches together with recipes for foods which will pack and carry well.

- Finely grated carrot, finely chopped celery, and cheese slices.
- Chopped hard-boiled eggs and cucumber slices.
- Peanut butter and raisins.
- Shredded lettuce and tomato slices.
- Lettuce leaf and cheese slices.
- Salmon and cucumber slices.
- Peanut butter and lettuce.
- Peanut butter and thin apple slices.
- Creamed corn and lettuce.
- Baked beans and grated cheese.
- Lemon butter and raisins.
- Grated apple and grated carrot mixed with peanut butter.
- Thinly sliced cheese, sardines, and lettuce leaf.
- Grated carrot and raisins.
- Honey and peanut butter.
- Honey and chopped nuts.
- Grated dark chocolate mixed with grated apple.
- Mashed banana blended with honey.
- Thinly slice cooked sausage over surface of buttered bread, flavor with tomato sauce.
- Spread ham paste on to buttered bread and top with diced celery.
- Lettuce, sliced devon, and mayonnaise.
- Peanut butter with chopped, cooked bacon.

- Sliced cheese and pineapple.
- Apricot jam and sliced cheese.
- Slice of ham, cheese slices, and mayonnaise.
- Cheese and cucumber slices.
- Hard-boiled egg slices, tomato sauce, and grated cheese.
- Cheese slices and grated carrot.
- Honey and chopped dates.
- Cheese and tomato slices.
- Yeast or vegetable extract and shredded lettuce.
- Cheese slices and yeast or vegetable extract.
- Fish paste and lemon juice with lettuce.
- Tuna and crushed pineapple.
- Salami and thinly sliced tomato.
- Cheese slices and chopped prunes.

BACON AND EGG PIE

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 8oz. shortcrust pastry | 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley |
| ½ lb. bacon | salt and pepper to taste |
| 4 or 5 eggs | ¼ cup milk |

Knead pastry lightly on floured board. Cut off slightly more than half to line deep 8in. pie plate. Roll both portions thinly, line pie plate with the large portion. Remove rind from bacon, cut into small pieces, place in uncooked pastry case.

Beat eggs lightly, add milk, season with salt and pepper. Spoon carefully over bacon in the pastry case, sprinkle thickly with parsley.

Moisten edges of pastry, place second portion of pastry on top. Press edges lightly together, trim away surplus pastry with sharp knife. Pinch edges together to form a frill.

Glaze with milk, cut a slit in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before cutting into wedges.

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in this recipe.

CHEESE BREAD STICKS

(To include with a salad lunch)

Cut day-old bread into slices ½ in. thick. Remove crusts, cut into strips ½ in. wide. Coat on all sides with softened butter or substitute, roll in dry, grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown. Allow to become quite cold before storing in airtight container until required.

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school uniforms?
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TOOFORM.
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pleats stay in and
creases stay out,
even after
months of wear
and washing.



TOOTAL TOOFORM

48" wide. All Standard school colours. \$2.10 per yard.

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SUCCESS AT SCHOOL THIS YEAR**

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 - Specially written short notes in all subjects to make study easier
 - Tuition for all students of all ages in all subjects to Matriculation
- Very reasonable prices

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IN ALL MAJOR CITIES**

Please consult the White Pages of your Telephone Directory.

ORDER THE **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**
15⁹ EVERY WEEK

BACK TO SCHOOL, cont.

*"I have tried to teach you
independence, resilience, respect,
but now I can't protect you,
not completely, not any more"*

Good luck, little girl

By KAREN BLACK
mother of a five-year-old starting
school this year

"BIG SCHOOL." starts in a few days. I'm not sure who is looking forward to it most—you, my girl, or I. You are so eager to rush into the adventure of it all. You are not really sure what "Big School" is, but you are wild to get going and find out.

I? I'm looking forward to not having to answer a thousand questions (Is it tomorrow today? What is skin made of? Can we go swimming? Am I grown up? Who makes dogs?), to not having to rescue you from catastrophe every ten minutes, to having your inexhaustible energy channelled a bit, to giving someone else the responsibility for a few hours.

New peace

I'm looking forward to old-fashioned peace and quiet.

But I know, already, that maybe I'll miss the noise and the questions and that I will spend the first day (or the first week, or probably always) wondering how it's going for you.

It's exciting for you—and I'm excited, too. It's a big thing for both of us to see you looking so grown-up in a proper uniform, with a school case with your name printed on it, and with a lunchbox inside.

For you the lunchbox is the cherry on the top of it all, perhaps seconded only by the thought of going on a school bus.

When we tried on your uniform you looked so tidy, innocent — and very vulnerable.

Because you were my first child I wished your babyhood away. I was always anxiously waiting for your next achievement — crawling, then walking, words, reasoning, independence — that I never stopped to appreciate the "now."

Suddenly you're five years old and going to "Big School" with a lunchbox in your case.

What do you remember of those years, little one?

Not much, I know, for each day is sufficient unto itself for you.

You don't remember fat little arms, loose and dusty round my neck, asleep in the car after a picnic. You don't remember your first shoes, drawn attention to 100 times on the first day you wore them. You don't remember the way you giggled when you played boo-baby with me from your cot.

My lap no longer presents the ultimate in comfort and security — ten feet up a prickly tree is just as good now. A quick kiss and an excruciating hug take up all the time you have left for demonstrating affection between jumping up and down, making faces, coloring-in, jigsaws, dressing-up, thinking up tricks, drawing horses, mud, Lassie, doing your hair, dolls' clothes, picking flowers, or getting wet.

It has been said by every mother in the world, I'm sure — but I'll say it, too: Looking at you now I feel proud, and very astonished, to think that you are that same little red, helpless baby I brought home from hospital.

And now, so soon, you will take a big step into the world while I loosen the reins a little.

You are so sure it will all be wonderful. Can I (should I?) warn you that it won't be, not all of it?

Is she kind?

I looked at your teacher-to-be and wondered what sort of person she is. How will she teach you? What is important to her? Is she kind? Will she respect your vulnerability?

But this is silly! Millions of other mothers are each thinking her child is so special, each wanting a paragon of motherly virtue in the teacher.

Whatever your teacher is like you are going to have to cope. I have tried to teach you independence, resilience, respect, but I can't protect



BIG MOMENT for a five-year-old . . . she's feeling very grown-up in her new school uniform and hat, with her case, and, best of all, waiting for the bus.

you, not completely, not any more.

Now, at this magic world of "Big School," life will start to meet you head on and I won't be within teardrying distance.

Have you got what it takes to stand straight against the blows? I pray they won't be too hard.

You are going to have to learn harder lessons than the alphabet and numbers.

You will have to learn to be not just an important member of a family but to be a small part of a big class.

You will have to learn that all people haven't the time or the patience to constantly consider your feelings or your needs.

You have earned our respect and our like, but our love was always there, freely and instinctively. But now, more than before, you will have to earn love, too.

You will have to learn how to deal with many kinds of people. You will face a bully, a sneak, a tell-tale, a

tease, a liar, a boaster, a cynic.

Maybe you'll be one of these things yourself as far as the others are concerned, for most children seem to have to run the gamut of human failings before they decide which to discard.

But, of course, this is only the grim side.

Such fun is ahead of you, and a great deal of satisfaction. You can hardly wait till you have mastered those squiggles called letters and learned to read.

You'll learn games, songs, and numbers. All those question marks buzzing in your head will be gradually replaced by knowledge, though some, such as "What are people for?" may never be.

You'll meet marvellous people, do wonderful things, explore, find out.

I would like to be as eloquent as Kipling's "If" or as Polonius to Laertes, but for now I'll just say . . .

Good luck, little girl. Be good.



We love Sandwiches!

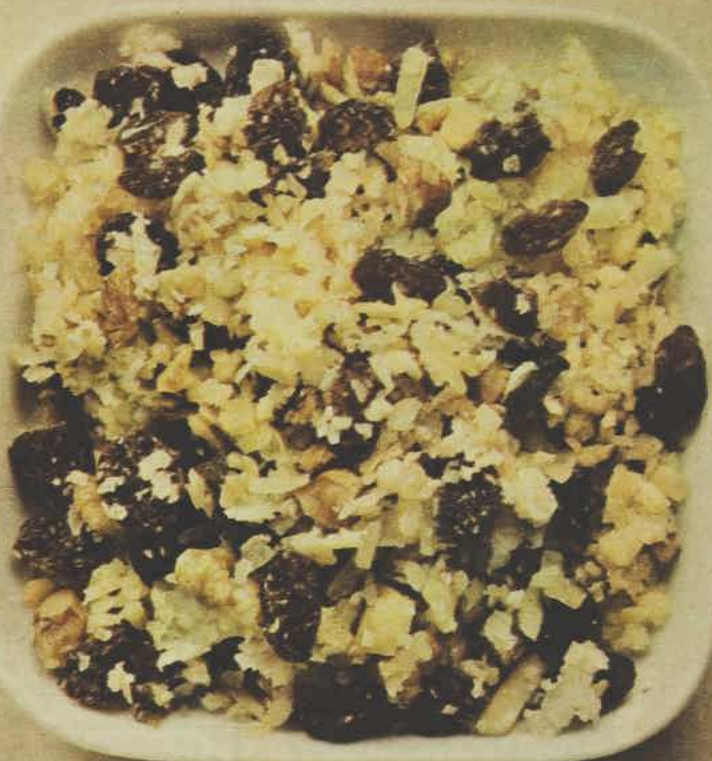
Mum gives us different sandwiches every day - and they're easy to make!

Mothers! Save time and solve your school lunch problems by using Cheesy Butter Spread. Creamy Butter and protein-rich Australian Cheddar cheese are ideal partners. In one speedy action apply both filling and spread. Add variety and colour by adding other ingredients of your choice. Here are a few suggestions—use your ingenuity to make up delicious sandwiches to appeal to all the family.

Mothers who plan ahead — make basic mixture for four days by combining:
 4 oz. softened butter,
 12 oz. grated Australian Cheddar cheese,
 a little mayonnaise to give spreading consistency.
 Store Cheesy Butter Spread in covered container in the refrigerator. Each day use $\frac{1}{4}$ of the mixture and add one of the following combinations of ingredients:

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chopped raisins	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. diced cooked ham	$\frac{1}{2}$ carrot (grated)
$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sultanas	$\frac{1}{2}$ tomato (chopped)	$\frac{1}{2}$ stick celery (chopped)
$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chopped walnuts	$\frac{1}{2}$ spring onion (chopped)	1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper (or 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin).

Cheesy Butter Spread provides 16 hearty sandwich fillings.



Discover Australian Cheese



AUSTRALIAN PROCESSED
CHEDDAR

Processed Cheddar is made from a blend of natural Cheddars of different maturities by a heat treatment process. Uniform mild flavour. Widely popular in cooking, sandwiches and savouries.



AUSTRALIAN
EDAM

This is a firm, smooth cheese with a mild flavour. Australian Edam is ideal in dips, appetisers and sandwiches, and its bright red rind looks exciting on your cheese platter.



AUSTRALIAN
TAFFEL

Australian Taffel has a firm, rather resilient texture, and a delicate flavour. Excellent in sandwiches, and widely enjoyed in salads, with crisp crackers, or as a dessert with fresh fruit.



AUSTRALIAN
CHEDDAR

Natural Cheddar is a firm, smooth cheese with a variety of flavours from mild to sharp. Extremely versatile, it is much enjoyed in appetisers, dips, sandwiches, sauces and in many cooked recipes.



Incorporated in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

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Learning can be fun with help of new study books

After months of washing and no ironing

**TOOTAL
FIXAFORM
school uniforms
look like this!**



Tootal's crisp uniforms, treated with Fixaform Permanent Press, never need ironing, quickly shed wrinkles. Pleats won't go astray. And the polyester-cotton blended fabric outlasts two cotton ones. In seven styles and all school colours.

TOOTAL SCHOOL WEAR
with FIXAFORM PERMANENT PRESS

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L117

● One of the tasks parents have to face is getting their children to open school books at weekends when the sun is shining and the beach is beckoning.

THESE days it's getting easier to combine fun and learning with the aid of the many "self-study" books on the market.

One of the most handsome of these is "The Story of Our Heritage — Prehistoric to the Present Day." It is a nine-volume set, boxed, and costs \$36.

The volumes, published by Nelson, of London, are beautifully illustrated with magnificent color photographs.

Programmed Instruction cards are really booming on the teaching front. As well as being used in schools, there is a great variety of systems which may be bought for after-school fun.

Horwitz-Martin has a series of programmed spelling books available from 65 cents to 80 cents for pupils' editions. A spelling dictionary is a feature of each.

Programmed Maths is another Horwitz-Martin series which includes teachers' editions with detailed explanations, also handy for parents to check while children are working on the special students' editions.

If you're wondering how it is that your third-grader can cope with the kind of algebraic problems you used to struggle over in high school, it's because they're teaching mathematics with Cuisenaire rods in many primary schools today.

What are these Cuisenaire rods?

They're small sections of wood each related in size and colored differently. Because they relate in length to one another, the rods have mathematical relationships, so the subject is no longer an abstract one.

This new visual approach establishes the basic rules of algebra and arithmetic and children see mathematical relationships in a simple way.

"A Practical Guide to Cuisenaire Mathematics," by A. L. Cole, consists of teachers' manuals as well as week-by-week program outlines of work in Cuisenaire.

These range from preparatory to junior primary



● Young children can be trained to accurate pictorial reading, which makes them eager and more able to progress to the written word.

and are available at 50 cents. Teachers' books (again which may be used by parents) range from 70 cents to \$1.25 each.

Two new "games" devised by a Victorian schoolteacher help young children improve their spelling and grammar.

They are APS (Australian Programmed Spelling) 3690 and Grammar Match, which are designed to assist children from the age of eight years up to 13 to enjoy spelling and grammar and to enable them to learn more of these subjects at home.

Schoolteacher Mr. Richard Weigall created the games and after many alterations found his experiments had resulted in a spelling program which produced a more rapid improvement among his students.

Immediate correction of mistakes and provision for revision ensure that the words which caused initial trouble are later properly learnt and understood.

Own level

The APS 3690 is popular because as well as recognising a wide range of ability among children of similar age groups, it enables each child to learn at his own level of ability and to progress independently at his own speed.

The latest home edition of APS 3690 (there were two prior editions suitable for use at school) is smaller, lower priced (at \$8.75 a set), and is available in four different colored boxes to suit different age groups.

Grammar Match is a card game which makes English grammar easier to understand and learn.

Available in three sets (\$1.50 per set), each set contains a pack of 25 amusingly illustrated cards together with an easy-to-follow instruction sheet.

Both games are published by the Hill of Content Publishing Co., Melbourne.

PEL (Programmed English Laboratory), by T. G. Jones and P. W. Howard, is a box of 255 cards accompanied by a manual which

covers grammar at upper primary and Form I levels.

Test cards establish exactly what the pupil does and does not know. Test answer cards reveal his errors and direct him to "Branch" cards, each of which concentrates on a particular teaching point and gives further practice exercises.

PEL Handbook costs 45 cents and may be bought by itself. The complete PEL, including handbook, sells for \$25 — it can be used by up to 44 children at one time.

PEL's authors have now followed this system with IPEL (Introductory Programmed English Laboratory) for junior primary pupils. Its price is \$20.

The Inter-Grader and Integrated Spelling Laboratory at \$22 is a multi-level spelling scheme catering for all levels of primary spelling ability.

Produced by Horwitz-Martin, the IGS has 200 cards divided into five graded sections containing tests and activities.

Children who have used IGS have developed a keen and lively interest in spelling and have shown significant improvement in written expression and formal English work.

There is an increasing number of textbooks and educational aids which pupils may use at home without teacher supervision; ideal, of course, for anyone who may have fallen behind at school through illness, or perhaps changed schools and found difficulty adjusting to a new level.

For the young

Assignments and Tests, by K. J. Miskelly (Horwitz-Martin), combines Arithmetic, Geometry, English, Reading, and Grammar, all in one volume. Available for fifth and sixth graders, the book costs 90 cents.

There are also many books available for younger children. These include:

"Bouncer, The Scribble Dog," by Marce Couston (45 cents), is a pre-writing

book with story interest. Many a parent has been tempted to take over the pencil and doodle in the completed pictures, cleverly designed from a series of circular movements, to illustrate the story of Bouncer's adventures.

Without realising it, the child can be trained to accurate pictorial reading, which makes him eager and more able to progress to the written word.

A book to encourage this is "Effective Pre-reading," by Nick Bricknell and Nona Byrnes (70 cents). It presents a wide range of activities — matching sizes, shapes, and pairs; distinguishing differences in sizes, shapes, directions, and sounds; completing simple pictures and puzzles.

"My First Pre-writing Book," by Nick Bricknell (65 cents), is an 80-page workbook containing an excellent selection of exercises for children who are learning to write.

Muscular co-ordination is developed by such activities as tracing simple shapes and pictures, reproducing drawings and patterns, tracing lines and loops, coloring or filling in.

"My First Book Of Reading Exercises," by J. H. Bullen (Horwitz-Martin, 40 cents), is adaptable for children in all grades and ideal for home use. Depending on their backwardness in senior grades, or their acceleration in the kindergarten, this book breaks new ground in its approach to the teaching of reading.

Activity books and workbooks have great appeal for children, allowing them to work more at their own pace while at the same time they are following a teaching plan.

The "I Can Read" series of three elementary readers, by E. G. Earley (40 cents each), is accompanied by three workbooks (35 cents each).

In the workbooks the child uses the knowledge he has gained from the readers to complete writing, drawing, and coloring.

HELP YOUR TEENAGER TO BE SELF-RELIANT

● The most important help parents can give the student starting high school is "not too much help at all," according to a headmaster of a large suburban co-educational high school in New South Wales.

THE years between 12½ and 18½ should be used to develop independence, self-reliance, and a sense of values," said the headmaster.

"If you molly-coddle the student and look after him each step of the way, worry about his studies, homework, or the way he dresses, then by the time he is 18 he'll have the attitudes of an 11-year-old.

"Of course, I hope some parents won't misunderstand me and think too much the other way and completely withdraw themselves from every activity and interest their child may have.

"The ideal lies in between.

The headmaster added the following advice:

"Parents should be prepared to let their son or daughter make decisions in those areas which are appropriately adolescent problems; e.g., how he likes to dress on weekends, his choice of music, and so on.

"Beethoven is often preferable to the adult's ear than strident pop music, but that doesn't mean the adolescent's interest in modern music should be suppressed.

"Ideally, the adolescent should be exposed to classical music as well, so that later in life he or she is at least able to make realistic and valid judgments about both types of music."

"Parents should encourage their high-school children to participate in family discussions when matters such as household routine or organisation are being planned.

"In areas where social order and experience play the dominant role, the younger generation must learn to yield to their parents' advice."

He advises parents not to help with homework.

"They will find, in most cases, they are unable to understand what their children are doing at school, in terms of their own school experience.

"Courses have changed, contents of syllabuses have varied, and the approach to the student has altered.

"It is no longer characteristic that the teacher and student are sworn enemies, as it was not so long ago.

"Successful and happy education requires the close co-operation of three people: the student, who has in his own power the chance for self-improvement, progress, and self-expression, the parent, and the teacher.

"The parent and teacher can support the student only in his endeavor and direct his efforts along appropriate lanes of discovery. The rest is up to the student.

"Parents can assist teachers by giving sincere demonstrations of their interest in their child's education in occasional visits to

the school principal to discuss the child's progress.

"Sometimes we see parents only when a major calamity has occurred, and then, of course, that's too late.

"Parents should be prepared to make time to come to school when a success has been achieved or indeed even at times when there's nothing remarkable to comment on.

"Wherever possible, many headmasters like the child and parent together on these discussions. This, of course, will vary from school to school, and principal to principal.

"I personally like the child to see that his parents are interested in his progress. It's very good for him.

"Parents should be honest with themselves and see their sons and daughters as geese and not swans.

"If you see them as they are — ordinary plodders — then you are not imposing impossible standards upon them.

"Being free from this insupportable burden, the goose may well develop swan-like tendencies."

"I would like to see parents take more heed of teachers' advice when it comes to choosing courses and subjects which will determine to some extent a later career or course at university.

"Teachers, after all, are trained to make professional opinions about the children in their care. Parents should take earnest consideration of this advice, which is given to aid the proper development of each child.

"Preconceived ideas about a child and what he or she is 'going to be' at high school and after can often be responsible for inappropriate choice of subjects and result,

● High-school students relaxing after class.

in the long run, in a very high degree of failure.

"In the recent past in many parts of Australia it was thought that subjects like art and music were 'wasteful' subjects and better submerged to maths and science.

"However, for the artistic child who demonstrates talents in the arts to be subjected by his parents to the study of other subjects could result in his being not only a loss to the world of art or music but a completely inadequate maths or science student.

Exam "bogy"

"Parents can help the young high-school student by minimising the examination 'bogy'.

"Too often a child begins school for the sole purpose of getting a substantial result in his final examinations, which may be years away.

"For a start the goal is too remote, and a child easily loses all heart if his term exams fall below the result expected by his ambitious parents.

"It's far better for a child to approach his daily school-work with interest and enthusiasm and for him to be a sound first-form boy IN first form.

"If the student succeeds in the work set before him day by day, week by week, then he'll find examinations take care of themselves."

about \$9 a pair for the 16-year-old.

Schoolcases will take a lot of hard wear over the next few years, so it is also wise to buy quality suitcases or leather satchels.

A case made of vulcanised fibre costs from \$6 (14in. long) to \$8.40, 20in. long. The latter is an adequate size for a senior student.

A new kind of case made of ABS resin will soon be on the market.

This one, costing about 50c more than its competitors, can have its corners "bashed" in and then "pops" back into shape.

'FIXAFORM' and 'TERYLENE' : Regd. Trademarks.

L118



After months of washing and no ironing
TOOTAL
FIXAFORM
school shorts
look like this!



Tootal shorts, treated with Fixaform Permanent Press, won't show a crease (except the ones Tootal puts there). And the Terylene-viscose blended fabric lasts far longer. Even the pockets won't hole up because they're reinforced with Terylene. In all sizes and regulation colours.

TOOTAL SCHOOL WEAR
with **FIXAFORM PERMANENT PRESS**

From page 35

WHAT PARENTS NEED TO BUY

School ties are all about 90c.

The basic uniform for older students at most boys' schools is the grey wool-and-terylene-blend suit, with three-button front jacket, and pleatless, cuffless trousers.

As well as being a smart modern city style, it is suitable for weekend wear. It costs about \$35.

Two years' wear can be expected from this suit, but this depends, says Sydney store buyer Gregory Curnow, on whether the young man

changes into old clothes after school.

A "melange printed top" suit which is available with knickers or with long trousers from boy's size (\$20.80) to youth's (\$32.80) is made of 85 percent wool and 15 percent terylene.

Another big seller is the wool (75 percent) and nylon (25 percent) suit which retails from about \$18 for a young boy to \$28.95 for the teenager.

Older students at high schools are allowed in some cases to depart from the

dark- or mid-grey worn by other students, and to wear a more sophisticated pewter-grey.

Such a suit in a more modern fashion shade would cost the 16-year-old from \$41 upwards.

When it comes to shoe requirements it is important that parents invest in good-quality, well-fitted shoes.

There is no shortcut to buying shoes. A child should be taken to the shoe store and have shoes fitted by experts.

Cost for a child starting school would be about \$5;



PRIZE CHERRY CAKE is rich with butter and combines flavors of glace cherries and lemon juice.

RICH CHERRY CAKE RECIPE WINS PRIZE

- An excellent recipe for popular cherry cake wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest.

A consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for a fish-potato pie.

RICH CHERRY CAKE

2 cups plain flour
 1 cup castor sugar
 pinch salt
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 1½ teaspoons baking powder
 6oz. butter or substitute
 3 eggs
 4oz. glace cherries
 Sift together flour, baking

powder, and salt. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time with 1 tablespoon of the flour after each, beat well. Fold in remaining flour alternately with lemon juice. Fold in quartered cherries which have been tossed in a little flour, mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into greased and lined 7in. cake tin. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 hour 10 minutes. Leave in tin to cool slightly before turning out on to cake cooler. Dust

top with sifted icing sugar before serving.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. M. C. J. Willicombe, 70 Victoria St., Pyramid Hill, Vic. 3575.

FISH-POTATO PIE

4 rashers bacon
 1 pint tomato juice (or 1 packet tomato soup and ½ pint water)
 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce
 salt and pepper
 3 onions, sliced
 1lb. white fish
 1½lb. to 2lb. mashed potato

Remove all bones from fish, cut into serving-size pieces. Chop and fry bacon until crisp. Drain. Stir in tomato juice (or soup and water) and bring to boil. Add sauce, salt and pepper. Arrange onions and fish in layers in a greased casserole. Pour tomato juice over, cover with mashed potato, dot with butter, bake in moderate oven ¾ hour. Serves 4-6.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. E. Roy, 111 Shakespeare St., Mackay, Qld. 4740.

Home Hints

- Each of these useful hints sent in by readers wins a cash prize of \$2.

To prevent wire in a screen door being pushed out or damaged by young children, attach a lattice to the lower half of your door and paint it in a matching or contrasting color. — Mrs. H. M. O'Dea, 97 Hamam Place, Ainslie, A.C.T. 2602.

When you cut recipes from magazines, paste them on cards instead of in a book. Place the cards in a salt box or similar firm box. Have sections for sweets, main courses, etc., and keep in alphabetical order. Finding a recipe on one of these cards is much quicker than searching through a book. — Mrs. D. E. Carswell, 88 McLeod St., Coleraine, Vic. 3315.

An easy way to oil a lock: dip key in oil, insert in lock, and work backwards and forwards several times. — Mrs. I. Caslin, Bargo St., Arana Hills, Qld. 4064.

Make covers for your pillow holders with pillowcase tuck-tops in bright cotton fabric to tone with your kitchen color scheme. Easy to slip on and off, these covers can be put in the weekly wash, allowing the quilted pad of the holder to remain clean, soft, and pliable. — Mrs. M. S. Gill, 31 Hope St., Balgowlah, N.S.W. 2093.

A map of the world attached to the inside of a roller blind in a child's room provides an attractive decoration and a quick reference for the student. — Mrs. R. Marrick, P.O. Box 49, Broadway Valley, Qld.

Use plastic dry-cleaner bags knotted at the bottom to line garbage pails. When nearly full, knot the top. — Mrs. R. P. Davies, 7 Purrumbete Ave., Manifold Heights, Vic. 3218.

Kitchen cupboard doors which have become discolored by cooking fumes can be cleaned with a cloth wrung out in a solution of warm water and ammonia. — Miss S. Moy, 78 Main St., Nabucca Heads, N.S.W. 2448.

Synthetic fabrics can be ruined in seconds by an iron which is too hot, so, when sewing delicate materials, keep a scrap of the fabric on the ironing-board and use for testing the heat before you do any pressing. — A. E. Greenhalgh, Flat 4, 232 Marine Parade, Cottesloe, W.A. 6011.



The greatest school shoe value

(So comfortable, long wearing, smart styles, too!)

Firestone VULCON approved school shoes

Firestone Vulcon school shoes are Australia's best school shoe value! Made from smooth, strong, top-quality leather uppers, with absorbent in-sole, Vulcon shoes are designed to keep active, growing feet healthy. The triple-life sole guarantees for long-wearing comfort under the toughest conditions, yet is both flexible and light. Choose black or tan, punched or plain styles in a full range of sizes. Tremendous value from only \$3.49. (Priced slightly lower in South Australia.)

FROM
\$3.49




Firestone Safety Yellow Raincoat

(approved by the Road Safety Council)

Designed for safety and comfort, Firestone Safety Yellow Raincoats are made from rubberised cotton and completely water-proof. Styled in safety yellow with black trimmed collar in a full range of sizes from 18" to 46" with two inch rises. Proved safest—Firestone Yellow Raincoats are available at all leading department stores. Value price, too!

Matching Sou'westers, made from rubberised cotton, come in a full range of sizes: extra small, small, medium, large and extra large.

 For Quality and Service

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Isn't it nice to think that you don't have to start off the new school year by engaging a governess?

I'VE been reading a biography of those two great pioneer headmistresses, Frances Mary Buss and Dorothea Beale ("Miss Buss and Miss Beale/Cupid's darts do not feel/How different from us/Beale and Miss Buss"), who, together with some other dedicated women teachers, really initiated the whole business of proper school education for girls in England.

This book wasn't about governesses at all, but it led me to thinking about the whole governess system.

Many books have been written about the horrors of being a governess (and in eight cases out of ten it must have been horrible since you were usually driven to it by poverty and occupied an uncomfortable no-man's-land between the family and the servants), but I don't ever remember reading anything about the horrors of being a governess-employer. That must have had its difficulties, too.

First you had to find her and employ her, then you had, to some extent, to get her under your thumb. There must have been just as many households made miserable by the introduction of governesses who were too high-minded, bossy, and rigid, as by governesses who were too lax, lazy, and ignorant.

Every present-day parent has gone through the recurring business of a bad school year, a year when one or other of their children has a teacher whom, rightly or wrongly, they can't bear the sight of and can't get along with. But that's only one of your children, suffering part of the day, for part of the year.

Imagine what it must have been like when the governess was on the premises and it was all your children suffering all the year all their waking hours.

Governesses (like today's teachers) must have come in assorted lots, good, bad, and indifferent. But in the nature of things the indifferent and bad must have been more numerous than they are today, because of the way they themselves had been taught.

The standard textbooks, generation after generation, were Richmal Mangnall's "Historical and Miscellaneous Questions," the "Child's Guide to Knowledge," and George Shelley's "Alphabets, in all the Hands," first printed in 1710.

Except with the odd governess who had a love of children and a flair for teaching, there wasn't any nonsense about explaining.

Facts were what were needed, and never mind about the how and the why.

These were the facts, Ma'am

A governess who had herself been educated on Mangnall's Questions naturally worked on the what-was-good-enough-for-me principle, and her pupils spent their lives learning parrot-fashion the answer to such questions as "How many houses were destroyed in the Fire of London?" and "How many prepositions begin with 'u'?"

As late as 1860 the headmaster of a boys' school in Norwich, with some idea that his daughter wasn't getting as much out of her education as she should, offered to hear homework. He meanly reversed the order of the questions which read:—

- What is the hinder part of a ship called?
- What is grass called after it is mown?
- What are the stalks of corn called after they are threshed?
- What is the name of the principal cemetery of Paris?

He wasn't a bit surprised to hear from his good little daughter, who had learnt her homework carefully, that the principal cemetery of Paris was called "a stern."

For £25 a year and her keep, the poor governess was expected to teach reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography, sewing, and embroidery, music, French, drawing and painting, superintend every moment of the

day at meals and baths and getting up and going to bed, teach scripture, hear prayers, inculcate the right moral principles, wash the lap-dogs, stop the children from killing each other, accompanying them on endless walks, sit up with them at night when they had nightmares, and generally keep them amused.

Even with sympathetic employers it must have been a sad sort of life — the governess wasn't there to shine socially.

If she was pretty it was her duty to make as little as possible of her looks. The servants didn't like her because she was superior to them, families didn't often make a close friend of her because she was inferior to them, and if there wasn't an unattached but relatively poor curate in the neighborhood, she really didn't stand much chance of ever escaping her slavery.

It's not much wonder so many books have been written about the horrors of 18th- and 19th-century governessing, when you think how many of England's literary ladies were in the business at one time or another — Elizabeth Elstob, Maria Edgeworth, Charlotte, Emily, and Ann Brontë (only fair-to-middling as governesses, too).

Despite their deficiencies, English governesses were much in demand abroad. In the 19th century they must have been the most subtle fifth column England ever had.

There was Anna Leonowens at the court of Siam, Miss Eager at the Russian Court, Emily Payne in Lashio, Maria Graham as Imperial Governess in Brazil, Anna Bicknell at the Tuileries in Paris, Miss May at the Austrian Court, Emmeline Lott in Egypt, and hundreds of others in wealthy foreign families, all teaching the basic English nursery virtues of cleaning teeth, keeping tempers, and being a good loser at ludo.

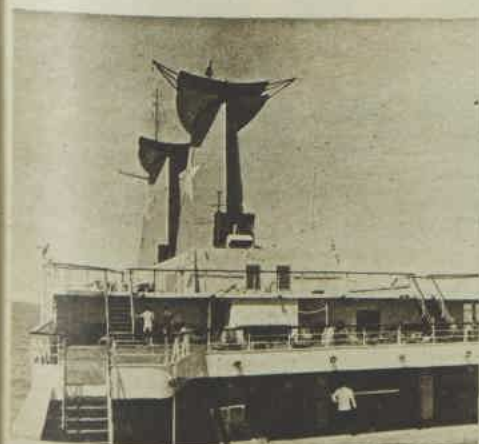
I suppose quite a few English governesses found their way to Australia last century.

They must have found manners much freer and conditions more confusing and much worse than they were used to — except in one particular.

There were plenty of unattached young men to compete with the local curate, and Australian nuns who could afford an English governess must have prayed they'd get "an honest woman of sad age," as St. Jerome, centuries before, had described the ideal teacher for young females.

if you're going . . .

to the United Kingdom
to the Continent
to Tenerife
to South Africa
to New Zealand



GO for style!
elegant public rooms, theatre

GO for comfort!
large, well appointed cabins
with private facilities

GO for enjoyment!

television, dancing, nightclubbing, swimming, deck games

GO for the best value!

M/V ACHILLE LAURO sails from Sydney 27.2
Melbourne 29.2 Adelaide 1.3 Fremantle 4.3

FLOTTA

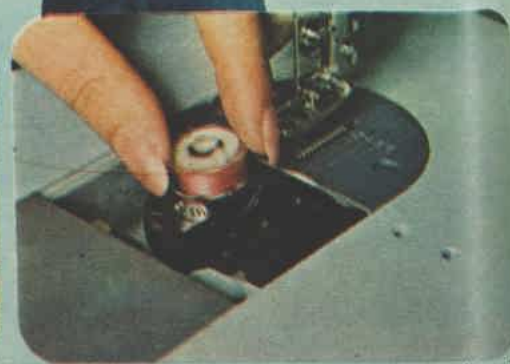
LAURO



You can make buttonholes, sew on buttons, overlock seams, sew in zippers, do satin stitch, cording, darning, narrow hemming. Then flick a switch and you're back on to perfect straight stitching.



Drop in one of the interchangeable cams and you're off to an infinite variety of decorative stitches. You'll do twin needle two-colour fancy work, perfect pin-tucking and applique. Everything automatically!



Save yourself fiddle and broken fingernails with exclusive Singer 'drop-in' bobbin. Flicks out as easily as it drops in. Shows how much thread's on too, even in the machine . . . it's clear-view nylon!

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Your biggest surprise with new **SINGER** Blue Magic AUTOMATIC is how little you pay for all it does for you!

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Well-laid paving can beautify your garden

- Regular blocks, crazy paving, aggregate, plain concrete — the choice depends on what the paving is for.

PAVING can transform garden paths from maintenance problems to picturesque features and beautify outdoor living areas.

SELECTING THE MATERIAL

Select the paving most practical for the site and according to your preference.

Regular paving blocks, crazy paving, brick or concrete with exposed aggregate are all practical. Stepping stones, let into the lawn where traffic isn't constant, don't interrupt the flow of the lawn as severely as a solid path.

By **ALLAN SEALE**

Avoid gravel here unless it has some form of broad mower edging separating it from the lawn. The gravel needs to be about 1 in. lower than this edge so it doesn't scuff on to the lawn. (Gravel and a lawnmower don't mix.)

Where the path wanders through the garden, gravel is attractive, and can be easily contained by such as 3 x 1 in. hardwood lengths held in any shape by short stakes driven almost out of sight. Or, random stepping stones can be laid, surrounded with gravel, Japanese-style.

Weathered bush stones can be used as these stepping stones, or rectangular slabs or irregular-sized circular concrete shapes. The only practical objection is

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where there is a constant fall of leaves. The stepping stones can make the gravel hard to rake. Stepping stones can also be attractive surrounded by a ground cover.

LAYING PAVING

All paving will nestle more firmly if laid on a bed of sand at least 2 in. deep.

In all cases, grade the area first and firm the soil. Then evenly spread the sand. Where wide stretches of paving are involved use "header boards," 1 in.-thick hardwood lengths 4 to 5 in. wide; or the thickness of flagging plus 2 in. for sand.

These are firmly fixed with stout pegs, and the top edges used as a guide for the level of the paving. As it is laid, run a length of straight timber or taut cord across to check the level.

A board with a straight edge could be used as a screed to accurately re-grade the sand. Make this board a little shorter than the distance between the header boards, with a nail or screw fixed in either end, a flagstone-width from its base, so that when this nail rides over the header boards, it grades the sand.

Patterns. Bricks and paving blocks always look right when laid in simple interlocking style, the ends of the bricks in one row in line with the centre of the brick in the next, but attractive designs can be created by laying two one way, then two the next, or in herring-bone pattern. But, remember, the simple design never looks out of place.

CEMENTING REGULAR PAVING

Bricks or paving blocks need not be cemented, as they can be set closely enough to stop movement. If you want to cement, space them about 1/4 in. apart, then sweep over 3 parts dry sand and 1 cement, evenly mixed. Tamp into the cracks, and sweep over again.

Then wet with a fine spray moved backward and forward over them so it wets thoroughly without run-off. Rub over with hessian when almost dry.

CRAZY PAVING

A narrow path of crazy paving won't need header boards. Shovel out a strip about 2 in. deep, the width of the path, to contain the sand. Where there is big variation in slab sizes, space the larger ones evenly, fill in with smaller ones. Any expanse of cement can be relieved by tapping in a few pebbles.

Cutting flagstones. Place the slab, evenly bedded, on a sandbag, mark the cut, then tap along this with a bolster or broad stone chisel. The bolster is then brought back to the centre of the cut and given a couple of sharp taps, which should break it cleanly.

Cementing crazy paving. Cement by sweeping over with dry mix as for bricks, but use a stronger mix which will stay solid between the shallow flagging.

Fill between the flags with a good, wet 3-to-1 sand-and-cement mixture. First water well to moisten the flags and settle the sand. Then work in the mixed cement from the edge of a trowel, or make it sloppy enough to pour in.

Lightly trowel to evenly fill the cement between the flags. Rub over briskly with dry hessian the next morning.

Crazy paving in lawns. When the path runs through a lawn, clean-cut, even edges are best so the grass can be trimmed with an edge trimmer. Dig a trench a few inches wider than the path, then line it with a header board on either side. These boards (and the trench) should be as deep as the average width of the paving, plus 2 in. for sand.

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Choose the edge of each stone which fits cleanly against the forming board. Cement the stones as suggested. Oil the boards or fold paper over them for easy removal.

CONCRETE PAVING

Use forming or header boards as suggested for paving through lawn. The depth of the boards will be the same as the thickness of concrete; 3 in. is thick enough for a solid path, but 4 to 5 in. for a car drive. The boards themselves are best about 2 in. thick, staked to prevent bowing.

For a car drive, dividing header boards are fixed at 3 to 4 ft. intervals, alternate sections filled with concrete, and when dry the cross boards are removed and the remaining sections filled. Thus, any settlement will not crack the entire strip.

A normal garden path can safely be laid in one operation. Simply score divisions in the surface every few feet.

A good concrete mixture is about 1 part of cement, 2 1/2 of sand, 3 of crushed metal. Concrete mixers can be hired to make mixing easier. Even off by dragging a length of straight-edged board across the two header boards. Set these firmly at the correct level.

After surplus moisture has soaked away finish the surface with a wooden float, worked over with light pressure in a rotary action. This leaves the surface with a natural, sandy texture. For a smoother finish, let dry another half hour, then work over with a steel float.

AGGREGATE SURFACE

Sprinkle pea gravel or similar over the surface after it is roughly levelled off. Don't float the surface, but tap the gravel in lightly with a flat board. In 8 to 12 hours, when the surface is dry but not set hard, rub it over with a stiff brush to expose the aggregate. Polish off with a cloth or dry hessian.

Face-lift for Old Cracked Concrete: Renovate an old, cracked concrete path by lifting the concrete, then reset the pieces as crazy paving.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

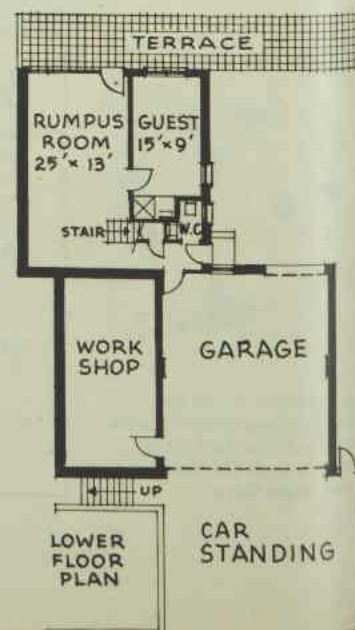


The open-plan kitchen (below) is at one end of the family room and has cupboards and buffet counter of black bean timber. Both kitchen and this end of the family room overlook Albury.

Exterior of the back of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Arnold's home at Albury, N.S.W., taken from below a flower-strewn bank which falls from the flat lawn above



HOUSE of the WEEK



VIEWS OF TOWN OR COUNTRY

MR. and Mrs. Paul Arnold's home in Albury, N.S.W., has not one but two panoramic views. Built on the crest of a hill, the house has sweeping, uninterrupted views from both the front and back, across the gum-tree-clad golf course to the hills beyond, and below to the city of Albury.

Each room has either one or other of these "town or country" views; the family room has both. And at the end of the hall a long, narrow picture window frames a decorative old gum tree.

The house was designed by Melbourne architect Mr. Richard Hocking for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold and their three children, Belinda (11), David (9), and Roger (8). It is of deep apricot-colored brick with an exterior wall of varnished timber along the back balcony. There is an inner staircase leading down to a large rumpus-room (ideal for future teenage parties), a guest-room, and bathroom; a door leads directly outside on to the back lawn.

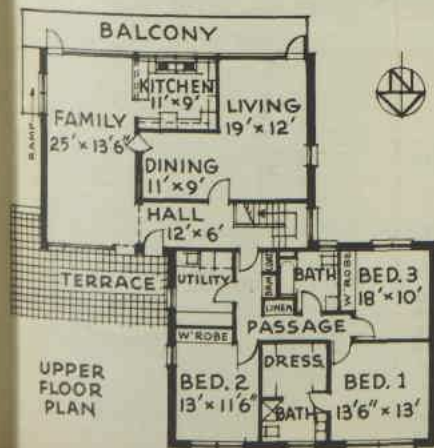
Mrs. Arnold, who was guided in the choice of decor by Melbourne interior decorator Sonia Preston, wanted gold as the basic furnishing color. "The carpet came first and everything else developed from that," she said.

The wool carpet, used throughout most of the house, is antique gold, a practical as well as glamorous choice. It has a tweed effect and does not mark easily. The color blends with the varying color accents in each room — pumpkin, pale gold, apricot, nasturtium, peach.

In the L-shaped living-room, which includes a small formal dining area, chairs are upholstered in rich nasturtium and matching striped Thai silk. The family room has softer shades: gold, green and grey, orange and gold checked wool upholstery for the easy chairs, pumpkin vinyl for the dining chairs and buffet counter stools.

In daughter Belinda's room, the gold carpet tones with the predominantly apricot color scheme, and the boys' room has matching gold covers on the twin divan beds.

This continuity of color is broken only in the master bedroom suite, which includes a combined bathroom and dressing area. The wool-and-nylon carpet is alabaster, window drapes are also white, and the breakaway touches of color are a deep turquoise bedspread and rose-pink Thai silk lampshades.



Family room (above) has two magnificent views. Windows shown here look across the golf course; sliding glass doors lead on to the front lawn and small terrace paved with quarry tiles. From the other end of the room is a sweeping view over Albury. One feature wall in this room is of small cream bricks.

Story by Maureen Bang. Photographs by Michael Coyne



Exquisite twin oriental-inspired lamps offset the elegant living-room, which has a John Constable painting in an antique gold frame. A sliding glass door leads on to a balcony; the view is over Albury. Along the opposite wall (out of picture) is a specially designed buffet in black bean timber.

The Neat Generation in Stamina



Wash-n-Wear at last genuine wash-n-wear fabrics from Stamina

Summer-weight Wash 'n' Wear BERMUDA SHORTS: Approved style in polyester/viscose combines neatness and coolness. Double sewn back seams, hip and two cross pockets. Navy and two greys. 24" to 32" (boys), 34" to 38" (men's).

Summer-weight Wash 'n' Wear BOYS' AND YOUTHS' LONG TROUSERS: Latest pleatless, cuffless, young styling he wants. Belt loops and choice of pockets, 2 shades of grey, all sizes for all figures. They stay cool, crisp and neat.

Summer-weight Wash 'n' Wear BOXER SHORTS: Fully shirred. Polyester/viscose fabric takes wash after wash, always looks fresh. Back seams are double sewn, diagonal zip pocket. In five basic school colours and sizes 20" to 30".

Summer-weight Wash 'n' Wear PLEATED TUNICS: Neatly styled in polyester and viscose, nylon zips, overlocked edges, 8 colours, can be worn back to front for even wear, sizes 22-42. Looks good, feels cool, stays neat.

Summer-weight Wash 'n' Wear BOYS' SHORTS: 4 colours, all nylon zips, shirred back, double sewn back seams, non-fray pockets, specially bartacked at points of strain, sizes 22-32. Made to lead a boy's life and still stay neat and cool.

Three years under test to prove they keep their promise—keep their shape, keep their pleats, keep their press—wash after wash after wash. When Stamina makes a promise like this, and guarantees it, you can be sure we mean it.



BOYS' KNICKERS: Four sturdy fabrics in wool and wool blends that lead a boy's life and still stay neat. Fully lined, adjustable waists. All sizes—regular and stout, in basic school colours.

"PINEHURST" GIRLS' BLAZERS in colours to tone with Pinehurst Tunics, neat fittings, sizes 24" to 42" in DOCTOR pure wool flannel, also grey CRUSADER serge—wool and nylon. Sleeves are lined; padded shoulders.



goes back to school

18 STYLES, 81 SIZES, ALL COLOURS—each with plenty of let-out and let-down to grow as fast as your child, 13 pre-shrunk fabrics, including Stamina's new genuine Wash 'n' Wear — all guaranteed.



BOYS' S.B. COLLEGE SUITS. In a choice of four long-wearing, shape-retaining fabrics in regulation shades. Coats are fully lined, all seams reinforced at points of strain. All boys' sizes in regular and stout fittings.

YOUTHS' LONG TROUSERS. The pleatless, with cuffs or cuffless look he likes. Tailored to stay neat. Many fabrics in wool and wool with nylon or Terylene. Belt loops, zip fronts. All sizes—regular, stout, long, in all regulation shades.



NEW! BERMUDA/REEFER JACKET. A good-looking addition to Stamina's Back-to-School range. Fabric is unshrinkable, medium-weight polyester/viscose blend, treated in front to be impervious to water. S.B. Jacket is tailored with a choice of centre or side vents. Boys', youths' or men's fittings.

THE BRAND  OF QUALITY
Stamina
STAMINA GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

YOUTHS' S.B. COLLEGE SUITS. Tailored in four fabrics in regulation shades with all the care and workmanship of a 'grown-up' suit. Coats have centre vents and are fully lined. Trousers are pleatless, cuffed or cuffless. Fob, hip and side pockets. All sizes available in regular, stout and long fittings.

"PINEHURST" PLEATED TUNICS in three fabrics for the Neat Generation. (a) Mini-iron Sironised pure wool with SI-RO-SET pleats, (b) pure wool Standard, and (c) washable mini-iron Terylene and wool blend. All sizes, all basic colours. Can be worn back to front for even wear. *REG.

PLEASE READ TOGETHER:



1. My children should have all the advantages.
 2. Only Schweppes mixers are good enough for me.
 3. Therefore, only Schweppes soft drinks are good enough for my children.
 4. Why complicate things?
- SCHWEPPE'S: EQUAL RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**

This was to be his first date
with a pretty girl, but the
very thought of it was almost
more than he could endure

WAITING FOR SANDRA

By JILL HELLYER

Geoff stood waiting at the platform steps, resentful, self-conscious, and impatient. If she's late I'm going, his mind kept repeating. If she's late I'm not going to keep on standing here . . . I'm going home. And he half hoped she would be late so that he would not have to meet her at all and go through this agonising afternoon. At sixteen, a boy had better things to do.

Not that there was much wrong with Sandra, as far as girls went. She was not silly and giggly like some of them, and he could count on her, he thought, not to turn up in some outlandishly extreme mod gear that would add the final touch to his embarrassment.

He had known her in primary school and often saw her when they caught the same bus home from their respective high schools. He had even spoken to her occasionally, but it had been easy then, for they had just chatted together like two ordinary people.

Now that was all spoiled. Now she was no longer an ordinary person, but a date — his first date. Even the thought of these words brought a flush to his face, and he shuffled his feet uneasily as though he had been caught out in some secret guilt.

Well, if she's late, I won't wait. And that's that, his mind repeated. He had his eye on the railway clock, willing her not to come at the appointed time. Willing her not to come.

It hadn't been fair at all, right from the start. Sandra had rung him up a week ago in the middle of his algebra homework. He had heard the phone ringing, in a detached way, dismissing it as he concentrated on his work, for no one ever rang him. So he had been surprised when his mother had called, "It's for you, Geoff."

"For me?" Must be one of the boys — perhaps Bill had left his homework at school or perhaps it was Ted about the next cricket match.

He was halfway to the phone when his mother added, with a faint smile, "It's a girl."

A girl! No, it couldn't be. Not a girl — for him. Oh, there were boys at school his age and younger who took girls out. Certainly there were plenty who talked about them, who was a "good sort" and who wasn't. There were even a couple of boys in his class who would boast loudly that such-and-such a girl was "easy."

Geoff would look at them narrowly, wondering whether they really knew or whether they were showing off. It was not that he was shocked; he was familiar enough with that kind of talk, but their whole attitude sickened him slightly. Some boys who had left school had mocked him once for his lack of experience, but he didn't want the kind of experience they had meant.

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RIVETS



He supposed he was naive, really. His father sometimes kidded him, saying, "Why, at your age I had half the girls in town running after me!" But Geoff knew it was all in fun. Having only two sisters a good deal older than himself, he had been brought up to respect women, a respect deepened by his father's attitude to his own mother.

The hand on the clock showed three minutes to the hour, three minutes to the time that Sandra should be crossing the road to meet him, three minutes to the time when, if she were not crossing the road, he could thankfully sneak off home.

That phone call: it had been terrible. His mother had tactfully withdrawn and left him to face it on his own.

"Yes?" he had asked huskily,

WAITING FOR SANDRA

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his voice suddenly dried up and sticking somewhere in his throat.

"It's Sandra," she had said, strange, she sounded nervous, too, though how could she be? Sandra had never seemed nervous about anything.

"Sandra?" he'd repeated stupidly, as though he had never known a Sandra in his life.

"Sandra Brown," she'd replied. There had been a long pause, then she had gone on. "They're doing 'Julius Caesar' at the Playhouse in town next Saturday afternoon. Most of the girls in our class are going. Most of the girls..." she'd hesitated, then said in a rush, "most of the girls are going with

boys. Boys in your year, I mean. I know you're doing Caesar, too, for the exams. I wondered..."

There had been another long pause. Geoff had looked nervously over his shoulder to see if he were being overheard. He wished for a moment that his mother had not left the room, so that he could have thrust the receiver into her hand and asked her to take over. He could think of nothing to say. It was not that he was so dumb that he did not understand what she was asking him to do. It was just that he had been struck speechless.

"Are you there, Geoff?" Sandra said.

"Yes." Why did his voice croak like that?

"I wondered whether you would like to go. We could go... together."

"I'll have to ask Mum." He dropped the receiver on the table and rushed to the middle of the room, stopping suddenly in his tracks. Why did he have to ask Mum? He was sixteen, wasn't he? Was she laughing at him now, behind his back, because he was asking Mum? But he had to ask someone.

His mother had smiled gently as he blurted it all out. "Why, of course you must go, Geoff. It would be rather ungracious of you if you didn't. Anyway, you wanted to see it yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but not... not with her." "I think it's probably taken Sandra quite some time to pluck up courage to ring you," his mother said slowly.

"Courage? Why? She's been talking to me since she was a kid." "Yes, but this is a little different, isn't it?"

Yes, it was a little different. That was the whole trouble. That was why he was waiting here now, apprehensive and uncertain. It was a hell of a whole lot different, that's what it was.



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SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY

A MINUTE to go. He hated being dressed up on Saturday afternoon. He had wanted to wear his jeans.

"Not to a theatre, dear," his mother had said. "You don't take a girl to a theatre in jeans."

"I'm not taking her," he responded belligerently. "We're just... going together. That's what she said."

"A rose by any other name..."

"What do you mean?" He glared at his mother sullenly, hating himself. His mother was great, really, not like some of the boys' mothers. But she didn't seem to understand. "I'm not taking her. Not like you mean. I'm not even calling for her."

"You're not?"

"No, she said not to. She said to meet her at the station."

"Well, then you're to take her home afterwards. Just see her to her gate."

"But, Mum," he had protested. "She's walked up that street millions of times. Do you think she's going to get lost or something? And in broad daylight!"

"You must see her home afterwards," his mother had insisted gently.

"But why?"

"Because she's a girl. And because it's nice."

And he had stood there moodily, brushing down his hair. For the first time in his life, he hated women. Before that, he had suffered them, respected them at a distance, recognised that they existed and that some time in the far distant future he would probably marry one of the species, but that time was a long way off.

Now he hated them. Even his own mother had turned against him. He wondered whether he were abnormal or something. He thought of the boys at school who talked and boasted, and of the ones who wrote to the papers with girl trouble. There's something wrong with me, he decided. But I can't help it. I'm just not interested. Not yet.

Seconds to go, but as he raised his eyes to look at the clock for the last time he saw her walking across the road. His heart sank. She was on time.

He didn't know what she had on. A dress was a dress to him. But he supposed she looked kind of nice. She had on something pink with a short skirt, but not too short. And white sandal things. In primary school she had been a plump little child, but now she had firmed down.

"Hello, Geoff."

"Hi."

They stood there, not looking at one another. It had never been like this before.

"Well," she said. "We'd better get our train tickets."

"I've got 'em," he muttered. He handed her hers.

"Oh, thanks. Let me..." she fumbled at her purse.

"No, it's all right." He didn't

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WAITING FOR SANDRA

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tell her that his mother had insisted on this, too. What a way to spend his pocket money. He didn't get that much.

"Oh," she smiled. "Thank you, Geoff."

He supposed he should have kept the ticket with him. That was the thing to do. But it was too late now.

In the train they could think of nothing to say to one another. It was ridiculous. Why couldn't they just be natural, like they were on the way home from school? His mother had been right about one thing. This was a different kind of meeting.

When they were almost at Wynyard, Sandra said apologetically, "I suppose I had an awful cheek, really, ringing you up like that. You couldn't very well say no, could you?"

"It was all right. I didn't mind," Geoff assured her, suddenly ashamed. "I wanted to see it, too," he added.

"It's nice of you to say that, Geoff. You see, all the girls I know who are going are going with boys. I felt so out of it. I didn't know anyone. I couldn't think of anyone except you. I've never been out with a boy before, except my cousin, and that doesn't count."

He felt more ashamed. He felt sorry for her, having to tell him this, as though to apologise for herself. He felt a first brief flicker of understanding. The poor girl, she felt just as rotten as he did about it.

"It's all right, Sandra, really it is," he told her gruffly. And, looking at her out of the corner of his eye, he observed her profile against the train window. She really had a very pleasant face.

FROM then on, things were a little easier. As a matter of fact, when they were all gathered in the foyer, he was glad it was Sandra he was with, and not any of the others. She was nicer than any of the others when you really looked around. He was glad he had not worn his jeans, too; none of the other boys were wearing jeans.

And that moment he had dreaded being seen there with a girl before all his classmates, passed by almost painlessly. They had not seemed to notice anything unusual at all in the fact that he was there with a girl. It was as though he had always had a girl. It was as though he were one of the mob.

A few of the boys played up during the performance, making wild whistles and audible comments and surreptitiously pelting one another with screwed-up potato-crisp packets. At the first interval someone from the management came on stage and issued a warning.

But Geoff had never been to a production through which some of the boys had not giggled during the love scenes and generally behaved with immature loudness. He guessed the long-suffering managements were used to it, too. Even some of the girls seemed to have come for a purpose other than watching the play. They occupied back seats and snuggled up to the boys they were with. He was thankful Sandra was not like that. "Stupid creatures," he had muttered at one stage. Sandra had given him a quick smile of understanding, and suddenly they were friends again.

The trip home on the train was much more relaxed. They talked about their school work, and he found Sandra was interested in science, which surprised him. He had not expected girls to be interested in science; certainly his sisters were not. He and Sandra warmed to the subject.

At last she said, "Well, I get out next stop. Thank you for coming with me today, Geoff."

"Oh, I'm getting out here, too," he said. With great effort, he added, trying to make it sound casual, "I'll see you home." Please don't laugh at me. Please don't say it doesn't matter, he begged

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silently. Please don't make it hard for me.

But she didn't. She smiled pleasantly and said nothing at all.

At her gate, the relief of the knowledge that the afternoon was over, that he had weathered the storm and come through unscathed made him blurt out boyishly, "Gosh, that wasn't so bad, after all."

Sandra burst out laughing, but it wasn't in a hurtful way. He laughed with her and the last weight slipped from his shoulders, the last strained anxiety left his eyes.

He found himself saying, "We might go out again... some time." He was surprised. Had he really said that? Yet he found that he meant it, he really did.

She looked at him seriously. "Yes, I'd like that."

"When?" he asked.

"Well, I know you have to study most of the time, the same as I. But I'm going to church tomorrow night... do you go to church?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"I go sometimes, too. But tomorrow night there's a special service. I could meet you there." He still could not say, "I'll pick you up."

"Seven?"

"That's fine."

"I might be late, just a little. Just a few minutes. But the service doesn't start till half-past. We're having visitors for tea."

"I don't mind if you're late. Really, I don't, Sandra. I'll wait for you," he said.

And he walked away toward the station, whistling softly to himself.

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LULUBELLE



"Dear Diary... Today he spoke to me. He said, 'Get lost!'"



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THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

DANGER of violent death threatens attractive nurse SOLANGE PETERS in her position as companion to neurotic invalid BIANCA DUNCAN.

She actually entered the household under false pretences. In Rome, she was unjustly suspected of causing the death of her patient, the MARCHESA POLLI. So when she was wrongly identified as Australian JULIE TAYLOR, after the crash of the plane carrying her from Rome to London, she decided to continue to masquerade as Julie.

Now Bianca has confided to her that her husband, OLIVER, has made attempts on her life, and may plan to do away with her companion, also.

A further threat for Solange comes with the arrival of CHARLES HUNTER, who claims to have known Julie Taylor in Australia. He soon learns Solange's story, and she suspects that he is actually in league with Oliver. She also feels sure that forthright young DR. GREGG has seen through her attempted deception.

Solange's lawyer, breezy, unconventional ARTHUR CROOK, and her friend ADA HOLLOWAY urge her to be constantly on her guard. But as she is gazing out a high picture window one evening, she is struck from behind and thrown violently outward. NOW READ ON:

ONLY my grasp on the window cords saved me as I hurtled forward. It was fortunate they were strong. All the same I had a terrible falling sensation. The next blow, I thought, would fall on my wrists. I'd be compelled to loosen my hold. I tried to lean backward, to cry out. Then the hand on my back went away and I slipped down on to the floor, my eyes hidden in the crook of my arm.

"Very natural but not too bright," Crook was to say later. "That way you made sure you wouldn't catch sight of whoever it was."

I became aware of Oliver's arm around my shoulders, of Charles bounding up the stairs carrying a glass of something; and then of Bianca's voice calling to know what was happening.

"That's what we want Julie to tell us," Oliver said. "Drink up, Julie."

I drank the brandy Charles gave me and leaned back. I was on the carpet, I found. I'd let go of the cords. Someone had closed the window.

"I always said that window was dangerous," Bianca declared. "There's a story about a woman who lived here a hundred years ago..."

"What happened?" asked Charles. "Did she fling herself...?"

"No," said Oliver, and his voice was almost a shout. "And there never was any such story. This house isn't a hundred years old. Can't either of you use a little imagination? Having opened the



"You certainly gave us quite a turn," Crook said, smiling at the girl.

window, Julie was trying to shut it, leaned out too far, it's pretty heavy... Now, Julie, everything's going to be all right. Your guardian angel was on sentry duty. All the same, don't try going to sleep again or falling into a reverie, whichever it was, when balanced on the window seat."

I looked across and saw Bianca's face, strained, apprehensive, and snapped back into my usual role.

"I'm sorry I've given everyone such a fright," I said. "I gave myself one, too. It's a good thing I'm not a real nurse," I added, meeting Charles' eye without a tremor, "you'd probably give me the sack alarming my patient. Bianca, your room's all ready."

She let me lead her upstairs. I was back where I'd started, nurse and guardian.

"What really happened?" she asked me when the door was closed.

"I was looking at the new moon," I told her steadily, "and I suppose I leaned out too far; there was a little owl calling..."

"Providence seems to have been on your side," Bianca told me. She was still rather shaky. How much she believed of what I'd said I couldn't be sure.

"Will you tell me something?" she said. "This lawyer of yours. I know you told me you had to consult him about your legacy, though how he can do much on the other side of the world—" She let that drop. "Did you go for any other reason?"

"What other reason could there be?" I asked.

"I couldn't blame you if you wanted to get into a less melodramatic household. Or if he advised you to do it. Where did you meet him?"

I said he was on the plane, and we'd encountered each other again by chance on the train.

"He told me if ever I needed help..."

"Are you sure he is a lawyer?" interrupted Bianca sharply. "They're not supposed to tout for clients. They can be disbarred, or whatever the word is."

"He didn't tout," I said. "At that stage he didn't know I had a legacy."

Bianca managed a rather uneasy laugh. "The fact is," she acknowledged, "I suspect everyone. It even seems to me strange that Oliver should be the first person at your side tonight. Now that you've produced a lawyer you've become a source of potential danger. I think, Julie, we'll arrange to go abroad as soon as Dr. Mitchison gives me the word."

But Dr. Mitchison proceeded to throw a spanner into the works.

"I really couldn't recommend a change at this precise moment," he said. "The weather forecasts are anything but promising; we all know what foreign doctors are like..." It didn't seem to occur to him he was lightheartedly maligning a whole body of men.

And Bianca listened to him. "He is my doctor," she reminded me rather acidly. "And Europe will still be there next month."

I could hardly point out that the question was whether she (and possibly I) would be equally available.

The next morning I slipped out and rang Crook's number from the phone box on the Green. A voice that certainly wasn't his answered me. I realised it was the man I had seen when I called at the office.

"Crook's up north for a couple of days," he told me. "I can't give you an address because he hasn't phoned. That means he's on the trail."

I wasn't really surprised that Bianca thought him a queer sort of lawyer; he seemed to be his own private eye as well.

I hung up and asked the operator for Ada Holloway's place of business. I knew she didn't like being called there, but this was an emergency, I had to have some help.

Ada came to the phone at once. "Am I glad to hear your voice," she said. "I thought they must have cut your tongue out or bound your hands behind your back—or have you taken a vow not to answer letters?"

"What letters?" I said. "My last, you dope. Don't tell me they forgot to give it to you."

"I haven't had it," I said. "They're a forgetful crowd, aren't they? Or could it be that they remember too well? You know, I wouldn't have them on my list, not for free. I suppose they didn't give you my message either."

"What message was that?" I felt the sweat breaking out on my forehead. All this time my consolation had been the thought that I had two allies who wouldn't easily let themselves be silenced. Now I felt bereft of both. I only had to be out of the way when the postman called, or out of the house when the phone rang.

"I tried to get in touch with Crook," I said, "but he's gone north. If you should be in touch with him before I am, you might just mention I think we're being followed. I've noticed a dark car two or three times when I've been out."

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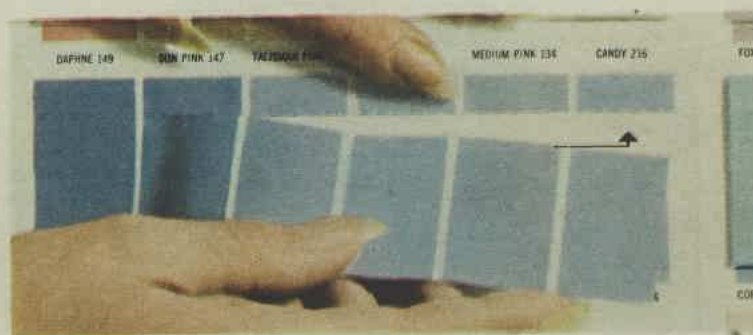
Conclusion of our three-part serial by **ANTHONY GILBERT**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 24, 1968



BMA892C

Why tear strips off each other?



Instead, tear a few strips off the Dulux* interior colour card. 120 colours in the best interior paints, all on handy tear-off strips. Try strips of blues, greens, greys, warm and cool off-whites, against carpets, curtains and so on. Until you find the one colour

that makes everybody happy. Call it "Ours". Then decide whether you'll have it in flat plastic 'Spring', semi-gloss 'Super-Satin' or full gloss 'Super-Enamel'. Any colour on the colour card is available in all three paints.



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"You can't ever have a dull moment," said Ada enviously. "You and Mr. Crook are a pair."

She rang off and I came out of the phone box. If the little dark car was really on my trail, it had hidden itself very conveniently. Positively no expense spared, I reflected, making for home.

Charles cleared up one part of the mystery that night. "Did you know you had an admirer at The Fishermen's Arms?" he asked me. "Very interested in you, he is. Chap of the name of Penrose." And he laughed. "Julie Taylor, the Human Magnet." His eyes taunted me.

It was the day after that that it happened. Whoever was after Bianca and possibly after me was certainly a trier.

Since she decided to follow Dr. Mitchison's advice and vegetate some more in her own home, Bianca had become more jumpy, more impatient, went back to her old hobby of brooding over her health. I had persuaded her to drive her own car on two of three occasions, and I realised she spoke the truth when she said she was a natural driver. But the last time we went out she made me take the wheel again.

I FOUND myself wishing that Dr. Mitchison had stayed away permanently. Dr. Gregg and I had worked hard on Bianca and she'd come quite a way, and now, more or less overnight, that old phony had pushed her back to Square One.

She had started complaining of nervous headaches again. Dr. Gregg had tried to get her off the drugs she took for these, but when Dr. Mitchison came back he said, with that silly smile, "We have to please the patient," and one morning gave me a prescription on the old lines. "On second thoughts," he added, "I'll drop it in myself, and you can pick it up later in the day."

I went up to urge Bianca to come out with me; I thought even an excursion into the town might do her good. She wasn't keen at first, then she said, "Who's that walking about downstairs?"

"Oliver," I told her. "He's waiting for an important phone call."

Perhaps Bianca didn't like the notion of being left alone with Oliver; anyway, she decided to come. The day, which had dawned brightly, began to cloud over and I tried to hurry her out of the house before the inevitable rain.

Oliver was still hanging about waiting for his call; he went to the garage and brought out his car and then he fetched the little Parker. Bianca decided that if she made the effort she might as well try to get her hair set. By the time she came down, the sky was quite grey, and she hesitated.

"I don't believe it's going to stay fine," she said. "I hate being out in wet weather. By the way, did you check that the pills will be ready?"

"No," I said, "but Dr. Mitchison will have told them it's urgent."

"Urgent's a matter of degree. Ring up and find out, there's a dear."

I came in. Oliver was in the morning room, which he used as a sort of office when he was at home. I picked up the phone and got through to find a moron of the first water on the line.

"Mrs. Duncan?" she said. "Well, I don't know, the dispenser's very busy this morning."

"Perhaps you could find

out," I suggested. "Dr. Mitchison brought it in himself."

"I didn't know he'd been in this morning," the girl said.

I suggested again she might inquire, so rather reluctantly she put down her phone and went away. She seemed to be a long time. Oliver popped out of the morning room to say, in irritable tones, "Is that a very important call, Julie? I particularly wanted the line kept clear."

I explained about Bianca's pills. Oliver's frown deepened. "She's going back on those?" he said glumly. I pointed out it was important for her to get her sleep. I didn't add that mine depended on it, too.

"I suppose so," he said.

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

"How much longer is that girl going to be?"

His irritation was infectious. I found myself calling, "Come on! Come on!" into the phone. She did come back at last and say they were ready and to remember they closed at one. And then, as I released the phone, the rain started. Oliver shot out to put his precious car under cover and nearly collided with Bianca dashing in.

"I told you it wasn't going to hold up," she said. "I can't go out in this."

"The girl took ages to find out."

Oliver came back, sweeping raindrops from his coat sleeve.

"I only had her washed yesterday," he said. "Bianca, hadn't you better change your shoes? Julie will get your prescription for you, won't you, Julie?"

Bianca looked sullen. "I need her, there's something . . ." She was deliberately vague. "Oliver, couldn't you get them for me?"

"You know I'm waiting for this call."

"Well, Julie can take a message, I suppose."

"I don't want to keep this chap waiting. Tycoons don't like it."

"I thought you were in the tycoon class," returned Bianca, rather spitefully.

"You don't want to give the impression you're the office boy. Anyway, he may not ring for another hour."

"It won't last, this sort of rain never does. This afternoon . . ."

"The shop will be shut. Really, Oliver, I don't often ask you . . ."

"All right," said Oliver ungraciously. "Julie, just sit by the phone. I know you think me unreasonable, Bianca, but this contract could mean a good deal."

"I'll get the message," I promised.

"Get a number where I can ring him. Or if he suggests a rendezvous, make a note of the address and say I'll be there."

"It's not like Oliver to be so worked up," Bianca murmured. She paused at the foot

of the stairs. "Tell Mr. Dotrice we shall be in to lunch, after all, and then come up."

Mrs. Dotrice took the change of plan without any change of face. As I came out of the kitchen the telephone began to ring. Oliver came sprinting back into the hall. I heard him say, "Yes, yes, it is. Of course. Certainly. I'll be there." He hung up.

"I'm sorry, Julie," he said. "You'll have to go after all. My contact has arrived and wants me to meet him immediately. Mrs. Dotrice can explain to Bianca. As she says, it won't take long, if you go straight there and back."

I thought if Oliver was out of the house, too, she need have no fears, but I loitered

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LNP 092918 SEPT 29TH DOVER ENGLAND STOP LINDA
MCGILL SWAM ASHORE NEAR HERE THIS AFTERNOON STOP
HAS BROKEN THE WOMENS RECORD FOR THE CHANNEL SWIM
FROM FRANCE (CAPE GRIZ NEZ) STOP HER TIME WAS
9 HOURS 59 MINUTES TAKING 27 MINUTES OFF THE
RECORD STOP



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Japanese vase

I WOULD like your expert opinion about an ornament (pictured at left). The ornament stands 18in. high and is chiefly green and gold, the brighter colors being the frocks of the Japanese girls and cherry blossoms. The only mark on the bottom is the transfer (sketch enclosed) in gold. The gold seems much heavier than the other colors.

I also have a teaset which was given to me as a child in 1903. It has four small cups and saucers, a teapot, and milk jug (the sugar basin is missing).

The set is on a tray of the same crockery, 15in. long by 11½in. wide. All are decorated with flowers of the passion vine with trailing leaves inside the cups (at the top) and around

the edge of the tray. The set is branded "Lara, England, Rd. No. 805 k." — Mrs. A. Gough, Wellington, N.Z.

Your vase, illustrated at left, is Japanese Kaga ware, made about 1890 to 1895.

The teaset is of Staffordshire origin and was made between 1895 and 1903.



● English filter

RECENTLY we bought this object (photographed above) at a sale in the country and I wondered if you could tell me something about it. What is it for? How does it work? How old is it? And anything else about the article that would be of interest.

The label on the front has the words "Pasteur (Chamberland), Filter (patent) J. Desfries & Sons Ltd., 147 Houndsditch, London, E.C." It has another china container inside (sketch enclosed). — Margaret Marion, Sunshine, Vic.

Your interesting pottery filter, which was originally planned for filtering milk or even water, was made during the first ten or 15 years of this century.

Similar examples were illustrated for sale in the old Lasseter's (Sydney) catalogues even as late as 1913.

I cannot explain the exact working principle, but perhaps the London patents office could supply further information.

I suggest you write to them.

★ ★ ★

WE have been asked to identify the following locket, and I thought you may be able to help. It appears to be made of silver, but could be pewter. I enclose sketches. The locket opens as a book and inside the front cover is the profile of a woman. Inside is an open grille, of similar design to the cover, hinged at the top, and looks like gold.—Mrs. W. M. Cottrell, Bowen Historical Society, North Qld.

The so-called locket is a sterling silver vinaigrette, which bears the Birmingham assay marks. This is indicated by the anchor (shown in your sketches of the locket), which was first adopted as a town mark to be punched on Birmingham silver in 1773.

However, your specimen was made during the Victorian era (between 1837, but not later than 1891) as it bears the reigning monarch's head as a duty mark.

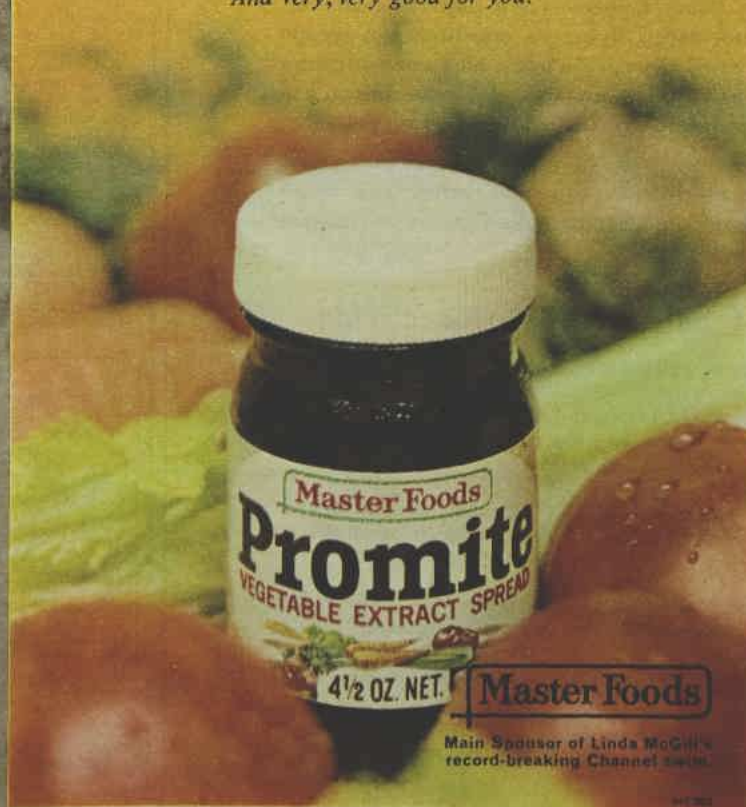
You do not illustrate the date letter mark, which is illustrated by a single letter of the alphabet punched in a certain shaped shield.

I think the box must bear such a mark. If so please forward me an exact illustration and I can give you the exact date of manufacture. Stylistically, the article belongs to the 1850s to 1860s. The vinaigrette, introduced about 1780 to 1790, superseded the pomander.

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the corner until I saw his car disappear. I thought it was a pity Bianca had been so precipitate. Already ahead the sky was clearing; probably it would turn out to be quite a fine afternoon.

The Manor House stood rather high, which accounted for the magnificence of its views. To reach the town you came down a long, spiralling hill that got very steep near the bottom. There were hedges on both sides, and incautious motorists were inclined to open throttle and let their cars rip.

Bianca always came down carefully, braking as we reached the steep lower half. I did the same; there was a wide curve ahead and this was the most dangerous part of the road. I applied the brake, as usual, but it didn't seem to hold. I pulled the hand brake, stamped on the foot brake, and nothing happened. Neither of them gripped, and the car began to rock slightly from side to side. I knew that if I couldn't get it under control before we

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reached the turn, we should probably add one more to the list of fatalities—it was known as Dead Man's Hill locally.

Suddenly I heard a car coming up behind me. There was a terrific hooting and a voice yelled, "Turn her into the hedge, you fool, it's your only chance."

The car came nearer, forcing me off the road, taking a pretty good chance of crashing itself, and giving me no choice at all. I charged the hedge, and it seemed as if the skies were falling. My head banged violently against the windscreen. I suppose I blacked out for a minute, and when I came around, Dr. Gregg was staring furiously at me.

"Have you been drinking?" he demanded. "If not, what do you think you're playing at?"

I noticed he was pretty white himself. "You always

seem to come to my aid when I'm in trouble," I murmured. My head stabbed and I felt sick, but I could move my arms and legs. "I'm alive," I said encouragingly.

"Which is a sight more than you deserve. Thank heaven you hadn't your patient with you. Is that what happened last time?"

"Last time?"
"Well, you've got some reason for passing yourself off as a companion to a chronic neurotic. Whose car is that?"

"Mrs. Duncan's."

"Did she ask you to wreck it?"

"Of course not. It was an accident. The brakes went on strike." That seemed to me suddenly funny and I began to giggle.

Dr. Gregg slapped my face. "Keep your jokes till you get back," he stormed. "I'm on the way to deliver a premature child and you're holding

me up. You'd better stay where you are, or no—I'll take you in with me, and the garage can send a breakdown gang for the car."

I managed to extricate myself and got out to examine the damage. I had shot into the hedge almost at right angles from the road. It was perfectly obvious what had happened. Oliver had brought the car around knowing that Bianca was going to drive into town. I recalled his distracted expression when Bianca asked him to fetch the pills. The telephone call coming in the nick of time must have sounded like the heavenly choir.

"I wonder if I could back her out?" I said, and just then a lorry came crashing gaily around the corner. It stopped in its own length.

"Want a hand, mate?" the driver offered. He was a fair young man with close curls and a cap pushed on the back of his head. "What were you thinking of, girl, when you ran her into the hedge? It could have been the end of love's young dream for you."

back on the road, and was out of her, looking for the damage. I saw Dr. Gregg glance at his watch.

"Don't you wait," I said quickly. "That baby won't." "I've got this baby's measure," said Ted in muffled tones. "This your car, miss?"

"Well, I drive her. She belongs to a friend."

"Nice friends you've got." His head bobbed up. "Funny what a lot of mischief you can do by tinkering with a bit of wire and a nut."

"You mean it was deliberate?" ejaculated Gregg.

"I don't think she did that by herself." Ted got back into the driving seat and performed another miracle. "May as well take a look see in case there's any other damage," he remarked coolly. He went back to his lorry and hauled out a big spanner. "Changed the wheels lately?" he suggested.

"No."

"Well, someone did. Or started and changed his mind." He was tightening the wheel as he spoke. "If the brake had held, which isn't likely, that wheel would have come off round the last bend. Now you take her into the garraige directly you get into town, tell the old man any yarn you like, but you have her investigated from top to toe. You got a jealous boyfriend?"

Gregg turned to me. "Have you any explanation?"

I said, "Mrs. Duncan should have been in that car."

Unexpectedly, the doctor jumped back into his own machine. "Perhaps this'll persuade her to take my advice and go abroad for a bit. I'll tell the garage to send their tackle..."

"No need," said Ted calmly. "She'll make it in the garraige under her own steam, and I'll stand by to make certain. You game, love?"

"Of course," I said.

"Don't be absurd," stormed the doctor.

"If Ted says it's all right, I believe him."

"That's the ticket," said Ted. "I like to see a bit of spirit myself. Not thinking of applying for a job on the lorries, I suppose?"

"I shan't sign a certificate," said Dr. Gregg fiercely. "It's suicide."

"What's eating him?" asked Ted, cool and friendly as ever.

"He's a doctor," I explained.

"So what? Diddled him out of a job by not breaking your neck? Now take the wheel and go slow, very, very slow. If anything doesn't seem right, just stand on the brake."

I put the car into gear and we started. I half expected her to stand up on her tail, but she didn't. She went smoothly around the corner — I almost stalled her.

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THE doctor said frostily. "The brakes failed." "When did you last have her overhauled?" asked the driver.

"A month, give or take a day," I said.

"That garage should be strung up. Here. Maybe we could back her a bit."

"If you back her and the brakes aren't working and we're still on a hill, doesn't it occur to you what'll happen?" Gregg demanded.

"She won't run sideways, mate," said the lorry driver, who told us his name was Ted. "Here, can you move yours a bit?" He yanked open the door of Bianca's car and got into the driving seat. Dr. Gregg shifted a couple of yards.

From my position on the road I could see the havoc that sturdy hedge had wrought on the Parker. Great slashes of paint had been scraped off, a mudguard had assumed a shape a machine shop had never intended, and the windscreen was badly cracked.

"You handled her nice," said Ted approvingly. "She could be in a lot worse shape."

The car heaved a little, shuddered, a bit of glass fell out of the windscreen. She was straddled across the ditch, and it seemed to me that even if Ted could extricate her, she'd only plunge nose-down with her bottom in the air. However, I underrated him. I don't know how he did it, but he appeared to take such a contingency in his stride.

There was a roar as the engine came to life, then he spoke to it in a succession of affectionate four-letter words; she trembled, lurched, for one instant I thought she'd turn on her side, then he had her



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was so scared of another runaway — and made the rest of the journey, which fortunately wasn't far, under her own steam. Ted chugged patiently alongside, infuriating the driver of a van who wanted to pass.

At the garage I saw Mr. Levenson, the proprietor, and explained what had happened.

"What have you been doing to her?" Mr. Levenson asked. "You're not going to get that job done overnight." "Well, how soon?" I said. Mr. Levenson hummed and h'd and talked about the great body of work and chaps not liking to do overtime, until Ted, who'd been standing by, said, "Look, mate, I'll be coming through myself a bit later, and I'll lend a hand. Can't you see the young lady's in a hurry?"

"I didn't say it couldn't be done, I said it would take time."

"That'll be all right," I assured him. "Mr. Duncan

"He's not going to like having another bill on top of the last." Mr. Levenson still sounded bluff.

"He might be glad his wife wasn't aboard," suggested Ted. "Or did he set up the job himself?"

MR. LEVERSON looked so outraged I thought he was going to explode. "What are you hanging about for?" he demanded.

"Petrol, mate," said Ted. "You sell it, don't you?" He drove the lorry into the appropriate bay and walked across the road. He was back a minute later carrying two big china mugs.

"Tea, love?" he said, handing me one. "Ever heard of a chair, the lady's had a shock. That's better. Plenty of sugar." He went on encouragingly. "Hope that doctor got there in time. If it's a first the mum's generally having fits."

"Are you married?" I asked, and he said, "Too right I am. Got two kids. Like to see their photos?" He pulled them out of his pocket. "Little Eddie. And Lou. That's my missus." He showed me a dark, laughing girl. "That's the life," he went on, putting the pictures away. "You should try it sometime. You often on this road? Ah well, see you—maybe." He paid for his petrol and was off.

"Cheeky beggars," muttered Mr. Levenson. "Think they're as good as you." I was surprised to hear myself say, "I shouldn't think they come any better." He hadn't even let me pay for the tea. "Have you got a phone?" I went on, knowing, of course, that he must have. "If so, I'd like to use it."

When Bianca answered the phone she sounded puzzled. "Where on earth are you speaking from?"

"Levenson's Garage. There was a slight hitch with the car."

"What happened?"

"I'll tell you when I get back. I skidded or something coming down Dead Man's Hill. I'll be back as soon as I can. Mrs. Dotrice is there, isn't she?"

"She's here. Oliver's out, but I'm not alone. Charles turned up."

"Oh, no!"

"Why not? Now don't be absurd, Julie." Her voice sharpened. "If he came to see you and you weren't here, obviously I should entertain him, so no sulks, please."

For a minute I didn't get her meaning. Then I thought, she really thinks I'm jealous — of her and Charles! I moved off to the bus station.

Five minutes before the bus was due I remembered the pills I'd come to collect and rushed into the chemist to fetch them. The young woman behind the counter said, "Wait a minute, please," but I said, "I can't, the bus is going, and Mrs. Duncan's had a shock," so, hardly knowing what they were doing, they gave them to me.

I left the bus at the crossroads; though it would have taken me another two hundred yards nearer the house. I had never dared use the house telephone for fear of eavesdroppers, and now with Charles on the premises I had to be more particular than ever. I shuffled some coins into the box and dialled Crook's number. It was a relief to hear his voice at the end of the line.

"How come, sugar?" he hailed me. "I was thinking of paying you a little visit. I thought we were going to keep in touch, then I heard from Ada that something was screwing your end. How's tricks now?"

"I've got a lot to tell you," I said. "There was another attempt today." I told him about the car. "And something else. Charles has turned up, and it could have been his work."

"Who else was in the car?" Crook demanded.

"Only me. Bianca was coming, but the rain started."

"Well, sugar, I must say we really did get worried, specially when we phoned and were told you weren't available."

"Who said I wasn't available?"

"Some female."

"That confirmed me in a suspicion that had been growing steadily, that Mrs. Dotrice was also in on the plot. I don't say she realised how far Oliver was prepared to go, but it was he who had engaged her, paying her top-scale wages — and what inducement was there to come to this very unromantic household unless it was being made well worth her while?"

"And Ada's letter never reached me. One thing, I think this may wind Bianca up to agreeing to a holiday."

"It wouldn't surprise me one little bit, but it wouldn't surprise me, either, if what the Press calls a domestic tragedy didn't happen just in time to prevent your departure. And the only thing I hate worse than having no client is having a dead client."

"Did you really think I was dead?"

"My voices told me to the contrary. But, of course, the luck's like the weather, it can change any minute. Now you'll have to play it by ear, sugar, and I hope yours is a musical one. I have a notion we're pretty near the end, that's what my watchdog thinks, anyway."

"Your . . ."

"Your time is up, subscriber," said a voice. "and there are two calls waiting to come on the line."

"Let 'em wait," said Crook. But she was standing no nonsense.

She cut us off ruthlessly, and I came out into what was once more a rainy afternoon. On the way back I wondered if I'd get the chance to see Oliver's face when he walked into the room and found I wasn't dead.

The first thing Bianca said to me when I walked in was, "Did you remember my prescription? Thank goodness for that. I was afraid in all this excitement — where is the car now?"

"At the garage, naturally. It wants a good deal done to

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Harry insistently tried to persuade his old parents to sell their house.



TRY TO BE SENSIBLE

THEIR eldest son, Harry, the lawyer came up from Boston first and broke the news to them. "We've been discussing the matter," the prim, erect Harry said standing before the venerable fireplace of grey stone in the living-room, "and we all agree you should decide to be sensible."

John Morgan, a lively 72, was seated in one of the easychairs facing the fireplace and now he glanced across worriedly at his wife, Emily, who was a well-preserved 70 and sat in an opposite chair of antique vintage. He knew by we, Harry was undoubtedly referring to their two other children, James, the investment broker in New York City, and Louise, the youngest, married to a doctor.

It was the custom of their children to phone each other these days and hold conferences regarding family matters. Harry was usually the one responsible for starting any discussion and his younger brother and sister generally agreed with what he suggested. It came to John Morgan now that lately Harry had been taking more and more on himself and treating Emily and him like children.

The role of parent and child was being neatly reversed and John wasn't sure he liked being treated as if he'd entered on his second infantile period.

Harry had come up from Boston and insisted on the Florida vacation that both he and Emily had found less than pleasant. And Harry had again come to them with a pronouncement from all their children that they should no longer drive and he'd reluctantly sold the car. Now that Harry had returned again it seemed fairly certain their offspring had planned still another curtailment of their freedom.

Emily spoke up first with an expectant smile on her face. "I think your father and I have always been eminently sensible," she said mildly.

"Let me finish what I have to say, Mother," Harry said curtly. "It's about the house."

"What about the house?" John Morgan demanded.

"We think you should dispose of it and live in an apartment," his son said.

"Sell the house!" Emily said in dismay and glanced across at her husband for his reaction.

It came swiftly, John Morgan clenched the arms of his chair and said: "We've lived here happily for the better part of half a century. I see no reason why we should change things now."

"It's much too large for you," Harry went on. "Three stories including the attic rooms. I don't know how you manage to keep it all so neat and clean, Mother. It's surely a tax on your strength. With the money you could get from the house and land and the sale of a lot of this antique furniture you could rent a nice apartment near New York City and James could keep an eye on you."

"You're doing that too well as it is," John Morgan told his son. "Most of this furniture belonged to your grandfather and I don't mean to part with it."

"Times are changing, Father. You're both getting older and the family is agreed that selling this house is much more sensible than you two living in such a big rambling place by yourselves."

He left them with a week to think it over, then placed the property in the hands of a real-estate agency.

John Morgan sat at the head of the dining-room

table looking suddenly old and forlorn as he told Emily, "It'll be the end of us. This place is to us what the proper soil is to an old tree. Try to transplant it and most times you lose the tree."

Emily sighed. "I know just how you feel. But it is a big house and lonesome now except for the time the children come for a visit."

The old man frowned. "We'd die for sure if we had to live in some cramped little apartment with rented furniture. I'd have no garden to work. What would we do with ourselves?"

Emily shook her head. "I don't know."

Harry had been right in at least one thing. The neighborhood was changing. Three blocks away a branch of an Albany college had been opened and the small town was filling with eager students ready for the first term.

Emily had gone up to bed and John was reading by the fireplace when the doorbell rang late one October night. He put down his book and advanced cautiously to the door, wondering who it might be. But when he opened the door his fears were allayed by the sight of a pleasant young man wearing a topcoat and carrying a heavy stack of books under his arm and holding a suitcase in his other hand.

"Sorry to bother you," the young man said, "but is this the MacCracken house?"

John shook his head. "No, I'm sorry it isn't."

"Geel!" The youth looked mournful. "It's getting late and I've tried at least four houses in this block. I guess the college gave me the wrong address. The MacCrackens are supposed to have bought a house here for use as a boarding place to look after the overflow of students."

"Never heard of them," John said, "but there are a lot of new families here."

"Thanks," the youth said. "I'd better head for the bus station and stay there for the night. I can't go around ringing more doorbells at this hour."

John Morgan liked the boy's manner. On sudden impulse he said, "You can stay here."

The young man was quick to accept the offer of the room and the breakfast Emily lavished on him the next morning. The boy smiled at them from his place at the table. "You've got a wonderful old home here. I only wish you'd take me and a few of the other students in. You're the right kind of people for it. And we desperately need rooms."

Afterward John and Emily agreed that the smiling exchange between them settled the matter then and there. The call to the college office and making the necessary arrangements followed as a matter of course. And into the old house came five youthful student boarders to give it new excitement and life. "No doubt about it," John chuckled. "This is a real home again!"

When Harry phoned from Boston to find out if the real-estate agent had done anything to further the sale of the house he was enraged to hear what had happened. "You and mother are actually running a boarding-house!" he exclaimed.

John turned to wink at Emily before answering. Then he said, "Not really. The way I look at it we've taken on a second family and it's a lot better than a second childhood!"

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By DAN ROSS

it, including respraying. It practically went through the hedge."

"Oliver isn't going to like that," opined Bianca. "He's only just paid a big bill."

All this seemed such anticlimax after my near-death, I could only stare.

"Things do happen wherever you are, don't they?" said Charles.

"You didn't tell us you were coming back," I accused him. "Didn't London play up this time, either?" I felt quite venomous.

"Believe it or not," said Charles, "I'm practically in a television serial." He began to outline the plot. They didn't have a television set in this house, but when I'd been in the clinic it was turned on for every program, and I knew the story Charles was telling us was a series

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that had been playing twelve months ago.

"What part are you taking?" I said, astounded at his carelessness.

"Oh, I'm to play Bernard," he said cheerfully, and I felt a stab of scorn. Because he hadn't even bothered to do his homework. Bernard was a character who died in the second or third episode.

"I'm going upstairs to put my things away," I said abruptly. "I didn't know you were coming."

"According to Bianca, I only missed you by inches. I didn't know you were going to have this encounter with a hedge. Well, having fulfilled my job of stop-gap . . ." He stood up.

"But you'll come back to dinner?" urged Bianca. "Oliver will be most disappointed to miss you."

"Since you're so pressing. Anyway, I've got a tip for Oliver, ought to be worth something."

"What's the matter, Julie?" Bianca asked me when Charles was gone. "I thought he was a friend of yours."

"Let's say I don't like attempts at murder," I retorted. "Do you realise that but for the storm, you'd have been in that car, too?"

Bianca turned quite pale. "You're saying it was deliberate? I thought . . . couldn't it have been accidental?"

"I don't think so. I think this

was meant to be the final addition."

"But to choose such a time — when Charles — but he didn't know Charles was coming."

"Are you sure? Bianca, there's something I must tell you."

"About Charles?" She seemed rather on the defensive.

"Yes. You don't really know anything about him."

"I know he was a friend of yours in Australia."

"I was never in Australia. And I wouldn't be at all surprised to know Charles never was, either. I'm not Julie Taylor."

There was a long pause. Then Bianca said, "Who are you, then?"

"I'm Solange Peters."

"The girl who was killed in the plane crash?"

"The girl who wasn't killed in the plane crash."

"But what was the point — this isn't some macabre sort of joke, I suppose?"

"I only wish it were. It's an extraordinary experience to be knocked out in an accident as one person and come round a fortnight later — I was concussed for a few nights — and find you're someone else. It was a perfectly simple case of mistaken identity, you see. Someone had seen her wearing that snake bracelet and identified me by that, not knowing she had given me the bracelet. I was pretty well knocked about and bandaged, anyone who'd only just seen me on that plane could have made the same mistake."

"I see that," said Bianca. "But why did you let them go on with it?"

"It sounds easy to say, 'Oh, you've got it wrong, I'm really Solange Peters,' and that's what I did say — at least I said I was Julie Taylor, but they thought I was still wandering, and I'd had a lot of dope and drugs, and I thought I'd feel fresher tomorrow. I'll tell them then. And the day went on — oh, it was inexcusable."

BIANCA seemed incredulous. "But why?" she asked. "What was there about Solange Peters — you're keeping something back, aren't you?"

"If I hadn't had something to hide, I'd never have started in this — impersonation," I said. And I told her about the Marchioness. "Now do you understand? Would you have given me this job — would Oliver have employed me — if you'd known who I really was?"

"I don't think we'd have minded," Bianca looked confused. She thought back. "But Charles said he recognised you."

"How could he, when he'd never seen the real Julie Taylor? If he had, he'd have given himself away at once. I don't care how good an actor he is."

Bianca shook her head. "It still doesn't make sense. Why should he turn up here at all, asking for you?"

"Perhaps someone put him wise," I said. "Well, it was a way of getting a footing in the house, wasn't it?"

"I'll make you a confidante now," said Bianca. "I knew all along there was something you weren't telling, though I never dreamed it was anything as melodramatic as this. You see, you're not like Charles, you haven't been on the stage, and though you might cover up in a general way, you betrayed yourself again and again in the sick-room. I'm a nurse myself, you know, it was a case of birds of a feather."

"You mean — you knew, and never said a word?" It was what Crook and Dr. Gregg had both suspected.

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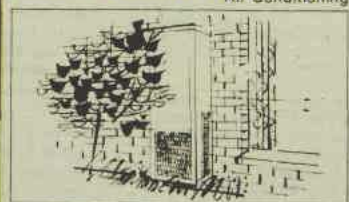
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"I thought it might be part of a plot hatched up by Oliver, but I tested you out in a dozen ways, and I became convinced you were genuinely on my side. In the end, I came to the conclusion you'd been in some sort of trouble and wanted to avoid the police. And if it's any consolation to you, I don't believe you had any hand in that Italian woman's death. You may have been deceiving me ever since your arrival, but I'd stake my life — in fact, it's just what I have been doing — on your professional integrity. It's a wonder to me Dr. Mitchison didn't spot you."

"Perhaps he did," I murmured. "Or perhaps Dr. Gregg told him."

"You mean, he knew?" "He was convinced I'd been a nurse and there'd been some blockage."

"Did you tell him what it was?"

"And chance his going to the police? I haven't told anyone in this house."

"Have you told anyone at all?"

"My friend in London." For some reason I suppressed Crook's name.

"How annoyed Oliver will be!" Bianca murmured. "He'll know you'll put two and two together. Tomorrow, Julie — I shall go on calling you that, I couldn't confide in a stranger called Solange Peters — we'll go into Wister, to the big travel agency here and arrange for a Continental trip. For both our sakes," she added emphatically. "You're

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in nearly as much danger now as I am. You've seen through Oliver, and he's bound to realise that."

"You mean, you still want me to come?"

"I've got to have one person I can trust," said Bianca simply. "You've got a passport, I suppose?"

"Julie Taylor's passport."

"That got you into the country, it must be sufficient to get you out. Don't mention our plan to Oliver, I'll just tell him when it's all arranged."

SHE was an amazing woman. You might have expected her to be on the verge of collapse after learning of a plot against her life that so nearly came off, but she not only insisted on coming down to dinner, she was the life and soul of the party, teasing Charles and mimicking Oliver, who was more silent than usual.

"I hope nothing's wrong," she said solicitously. "You look like a man who's just had a big disappointment."

"How very perspicacious of you!" congratulated Oliver. "It's quite true. I thought I was being very subtle and pulling a plum out of a golden pie, but it didn't work out quite as I expected. Now I shall have to try a more direct approach."

Was that meant to be a hint that he knew we were on to him? Or did he really mean that the offer he'd put up to his nameless correspondent hadn't come off? It didn't matter, because a minute later Charles changed the subject.

"Did you hear of Julie's accident with the car?" he asked. "Ran her into a hedge and was rescued by — who did rescue you, Julie?"

I told them Dr. Gregg and a lorry driver.

"Get's 'em in droves, doesn't she?" said Charles. "What was wrong with the car?" Oliver wanted to know.

"The brakes wouldn't function when I was on Dead Man's Hill. I drove straight into the hedge, it was my only chance."

Oliver said smoothly, "What a mercy Bianca wasn't with you." Charles wasn't the only actor of the party. "I hope you're having it repaired. It's enough to shake your nerve."

I muttered something about the wet roads. "They're going on being wet for some time according to the long-range weather forecast," observed Charles.

"Why don't you change your mind?" Oliver urged, "and take that holiday the doctor was to keen on? It would do Julie good."

"I might write for travel brochures," Bianca said casually.

No one showed any sense of strain, though it must have been in every heart. When I went into my room that night I had a sense of relief such as I hadn't known since my arrival in England. I still thought it possible Oliver would make one more attempt, but we were all on our guard now.

I thought in the morning I'd telephone Crook and let him know what was afoot. Then he could come down quite openly. It wouldn't occur to anyone as strange that I should need a lawyer to help me to re-establish my own identity. Officially, only Bianca knew my secret, but Charles had known all along, and I couldn't believe he hadn't shared his knowledge with Oliver.

I woke next morning to one of those perfect days you sometimes get at the end of September. The trees were bannered in gold, the leaves varnished by sun. Bianca seemed to feel the magic of the day as much as I. And my confession of the night before seemed to have established a relationship between us that hadn't existed till today.

"I feel restless," she told me. "Let's go out somewhere. We could hire a car from Leverson, that has to be safe, and you could drive. If we're really going abroad in the course of the next week or so, I must get accustomed to dashing around a bit."

"Why shouldn't we take a picnic?" I said. At least, that would keep us safe from any

plans Oliver and Charles might be cooking up, for one day at least. And I was still only taking the days one at a time. "We could get a cooked chicken from Anderson (no one could have tampered with that, I reflected), and salad. His are authentic farm birds, not these old broilers."

"A long French loaf slit up the middle and buttered," murmured Bianca. "Fruit. We might get a melon and eat it from the hand as we did as children when my mother didn't stop us. We could go to Heathcote Bay. You've never been there, have you? I have a yearning to see the sea again."

"Anywhere you like," I said. "I might get a camera and some color film. I used to be rather handy at that."

"When you were in Rome?"

FIVE small words and they hummed like a bar of music. The fact that she could say them and I could accept them was like a miracle.

"Yes," I said. "when I was in Rome."

Now it even seemed possible that I could go back one day. Bianca seemed like myself, something that had burst overnight from its cocoon. I wondered if she had been racked by secret suspicions about me all this time, guessing I wasn't the person I was pretending to be, and never absolutely sure I wasn't on Oliver's side.

Our first rebuff was when

Mr. Leverson said he didn't have a car available. He only kept three as a sideline. Two were out on self-drive hire (I supposed Charles had one of them), the third was engaged for that day. He was sorry he couldn't help.

"What can we do?" Bianca wondered, and just then Charles' car drew up at the gate. He came striding up the path.

"I know it's early," he called as he came in. "But I felt I must ask after Julie. I was in at Leverson's Garage this morning, and he showed me the car. You took a beating, all right. I suppose you could say you're lucky to be alive."

"Very lucky," I agreed. "It's very tiresome of Leverson," Bianca said. "We wanted to hire a car, but he hasn't got one free."

I looked at her in horror; she had spoken without thought, she didn't seem to realise she was playing straight into Charles' hands.

At once he offered, as I knew he would. "I'm entirely at your service. My car is at the gate."

"But you'll be wanting that yourself, won't you?" I said, before Bianca could speak. "We wouldn't want to put you out."

Charles smiled. "I was

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 17

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, tan.
Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, pink, navy.
Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

VIRGO

AUG. 24-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 24-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, red, white.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, white.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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at the end of the day

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 napkin for instant absorbency

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THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

going to offer myself as chauffeur."

"That's very kind," said Bianca uncertainly, looking at me as if she expected me to get us out of this impasse. "Only we shall be out all day."

"And I'm free all day. I can't be here much longer. That's another thing I came to tell you. I've got a firm offer from London at last, they want me to go there tomorrow, and this time I think something really may come of it. I thought we might celebrate."

"Aren't you counting your chickens?" I asked desperately, racking my brains to find some good excuse. Before any sound idea occurred to me the door of the morning room opened and Oliver joined us.

"Hullo!" he said to Charles. "I thought I heard your voice."

"Charles came to tell us he's got an offer at last, he has to go to London."

"I don't have to go till tomorrow and I was offering to drive your wife and Julie out wherever they planned to go," Charles said.

"Julie and I thought we'd take some food and go for a picnic," Bianca explained. "We don't want to interfere with anyone else's plans."

"A picnic!" exclaimed Oliver. "What a splendid idea! Why don't we all go? The office can carry on without me for one day. We can take my car."

Bianca did the only thing possible. She said, "That solves all our problems, doesn't it?"

I thought they wouldn't try any tricks with Oliver and Charles in the car; anyway, two car accidents in two consecutive days might arouse the suspicions of a far more trusting heart than Ada Holloway's or Mr. Crook's. I wondered if I could somehow get a message through to him. I'd have to get out of the car to get the food.

"Where did you think of going?" Oliver asked.

"We thought of Heathcote Bay, but perhaps that's rather far."

"Oh, nonsense," said Oliver. "It's a wonderful idea."

"We could bathe," offered Charles. "I'm sure Julie swims like a seal."

"I haven't got a costume," I said hurriedly. "I'd no intention of leaving Bianca with Oliver, while Charles and I frolicked about in the ocean."

"Couldn't you buy one in the town?" Charles urged. "There's a very snazzy shop there."

We set off with all the appearance of a light-hearted picnic party. When we drew up at the garage for petrol, Oliver said, "While I'm here I may as well look and see how much damage Julie has managed to do to your car, Bianca."

Charles said, "What about a bottle of wine?" and got out to cross to the wineshop.

"We'll want some of those plastic beakers to drink from," Bianca told him. "You can

get them at the stationer's on the corner."

"Will do," promised Charles, swinging away. I ran a few doors down the street to the delicatessen and said I wanted a chicken for Mrs. Duncan. Bianca had an account here and was an excellent customer, so a fine chicken was instantly produced. I asked Mr. Lamblett, the proprietor, to cut it up for me, and also butter half a dozen rolls. He had some covered dishes of salad in cellulose paper packets and I ordered four of those, too.

While he prepared it all I said I was just going over the road to get something for Mrs. Duncan. Coming out of the shop I saw Charles emerge from the wine merchant, with bottles, wrapped in brown paper, under his arm. He waved to me and dived into the stationer's. Bianca was leaning forward in her seat talking to Mr. Leverson. I didn't see any sign of Oliver.

There was a better choice of bathing suits than I'd anticipated. I particularly liked two, one dark red with a border of white flowers, the other all white. Eventually I decided to take them both.

FROM THE BIBLE

● For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people: He will beautify the meek with salvation.

— Psalm 149: 4.

Suddenly I remembered that I'd intended to try to ring Mr. Crook. I went to the door and looked out. Bianca was watching the shop, and when she caught my eye she beckoned rather impatiently. I suppose I had been longer than I realised. All the same, I felt I must somehow get in touch.

When the girl brought me my change—lucky, I thought, I'd had money enough to pay for the two—I told her, "Keep that and do something for me, if you will. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't extremely urgent."

I gave her Crook's two telephone numbers. "You're bound to get him at one or the other," I said. "Keep on trying. Here's the message, and say it's from Julie. Picnicking at Heathcote Bay, why not join us?"

"You've got him on the hook all right, haven't you?" said the girl in admiring tones.

I hurried back to the delicatessen, where the parcel was waiting for me. The other three were all set to go.

"I'm sorry," I panted. "I couldn't make up my mind."

Conversation as we drove along was easy and general. At the Bay we found we weren't alone in thinking this a good day for an excursion. A number of cars were parked on the promenade above the beach, and the seats set at regular intervals facing the sea

each had one or more occupants. We made our way down the beach to a fairly secluded spot. A man was renting out motor-boats at an outrageous charge per hour, but Bianca said peaceably that it hadn't been much of a summer and you had to make hay while the sun shone. On the farther side there were boats drawn up on the beach for hire. Oliver looked at these wistfully.

"That's my idea of an afternoon's pleasure," he said. "Fishing from a boat."

"Bathing from a boat's hard to beat, too," Charles supplemented.

"Aren't we going to have any lunch?" Bianca inquired.

We spread a tablecloth and set out the picnic. The chicken tasted as good as it looked, and it was obvious that Charles had a very acceptable knowledge of wine. This is the best day yet, I thought. I didn't even worry any more about Crook getting my message; somehow I thought today nothing could go wrong. Oliver produced a melon with the air of a conjuror bringing a colored handkerchief from nowhere. Melons were Bianca's favorite fruit and this one was perfect.

"All we need now is a cup of coffee," sighed Bianca as we wrapped the melon rinds in a sheet of paper.

"There's a coffee stall up aloft," said Charles lazily. "Wouldn't like to vouch for the coffee, though."

"It's probably all right," Bianca said. "Anyhow, let's risk it."

"I wonder what they charge for those boats," speculated Oliver. "I think I'll go and ask."

"Come on, girl," Charles sprang to his feet and pulled me to mine. "We'll go and treat for four cups of alleged coffee."

As we headed up the beach, I noticed that there were more people on the benches than there had been. Charles nudged me. "He's there," he said. "Your conquest, I mean."

I turned, thinking he must be mistaken. But no, Mr. Penrose, his face buried in a newspaper, was sitting on a bench two or three yards from the coffee stall.

"He's got it bad," Charles grinned.

When the coffee came the girl gave us our four cups on a tray.

"They've got some bathing huts here," said Charles. "Why don't you change?"

"I'll have my coffee first," I told him. "Anyway, I haven't brought my suit up."

As Charles set the tray down beside Bianca, she said, "It's not so warm as I thought. I tried to signal to you when you were up there, but you were too deep in conversation—I wanted that fisherman's knit coat you put in the car for me."

"Can't I . . . ?" began Charles, but she said sharply, "No, Julie knows just where it is." I hurried up the beach and found the coat and stopped an instant to inquire about bathing huts on

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 24, 1968

Retain the Beauty of a Youthful Complexion

Every woman secretly dreams of possessing a lovely complexion, and today your mirror can so easily confirm beyond a doubt that modern beauty science has successfully evolved a method of keeping the skin constantly soft, fine textured, and endowed with the dewy bloom of youth.

MANY of the world's most beautiful women retain their complexion youthfulness and radiance even though they are in the mature years because they make a must of simple daily beauty care. In this way they aid nature to make them look and feel more beautiful.

Here are some suggestions to help you cherish that soft dewy bloom and promote the natural processes of skin beautification so that you may gain a more youthful complexion beauty.

What every complexion needs

A beautiful complexion is a woman's acknowledged heritage now that science has discovered a remarkable tropical moist oil with the ability to revive and preserve the youthful splendour of the skin. It is now possible to stimulate the natural supplies of oil and moisture in the skin so that the complexion maintains a petal-soft loveliness and dewy perfection.

This unique moist Ulan oil is isotonic in action so that it is completely absorbed as it is gently stroked into the skin. Women of all ages have found that by smoothing it over the face and neck each night, and using it as powder-base by day, their complexions are provided with the ideal nourishment needed to prevent wrinkledryness and protection against wind, weather, and



cosmetic pigments. Because of its hygroscopic properties, tropical oil of Ulan assists nature further by

replenishing moisture extracted from the upper dermic layer by evaporation, attracting moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and drawing it into the skin so that the complexion retains its youthful bloom all day long.

Nourishing the skin with a Vitalizing Night Cream

From the early twenties, bedtime massage with a nourishing vitalizing night cream is excellent for keeping facial lines and contours firm and smooth.

Apply the rich vitalizing cream to cheeks, forehead and throat and massage into the skin with upward, moulding strokes of the fingers. With feather-light movements, pat a little more cream into the delicate skin surrounding the eyes. Allow the vitalizing elements in the Ulan night cream to soak in, then remove the surplus with clean tissues. A skin well nourished in this way never loses its youthful, radiant qualities.

Toning brings improved texture

Toning is the reviving and stimulating treatment that brings fresh blood to the skin surface and rounds off the cleansing process by closing the pores and refining the complexion. Sprinkle lemon Delph-skin



freshener liberally on to a pad of cottonwool and pat your face and throat briskly until the skin tingles. Toning and bracing the skin in this way is an excellent preliminary for beautifying and smoothing the complexion prior to applying make-up.



Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 688.—FROCK

Attractive frock with white trim is available cut out to make in black, citrus, deep royal, or pink super faille poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.65. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 690.—ORGANDIE THROWOVER

Throwover with lace edging supplied in available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, lilac, or blue organdie. Price is \$1.25 plus 8 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 691.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER COVER-UP APRONS

Mother and daughter cover-up aprons are available cut out to make in blue/white, red/white, yellow/white, or sea-green/white check cotton. Mother's apron: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$1.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra. Child's apron: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 85 cents; 6 to 8 years, \$1.05. Postage and dispatch 8 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



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THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

the way back. Oliver was returning from his conversation and said he hoped Bianca wouldn't mind, he'd hired a boat; if we liked we could bathe from it.

"Have your coffee hot," murmured Bianca. "Well, why not? The way the beach slopes must make it quite dangerous for bathing, but out there . . ."

"There could be currents," I suggested, and even Bianca looked startled.

"Not on this coast, surely. There's a coast guard or whatever they're called, we might ask him."

Charles strolled over, and a minute later we saw the man's face split with laughter. "He asked me who'd been pulling my leg," Charles reported on his return. "He says a kitten couldn't drown here, not if it knew how to swim."

"How many for the boat?" asked Oliver, laying his cup aside.

"I shall stay where I am," said Bianca at once.

"I think I shall lie on the beach and sunbathe," I murmured. "It seems a shame to get that lovely suit wet."

Both the men went into fits of laughter.

"Of course you must bathe, Julie. What do you think is going to happen to me while you're all in the sea. The Loch Ness monster doesn't inhabit these waters, you know."

It made sense. Nothing could happen to her with both Oliver and Charles at a safe distance. As I changed hurriedly, I decided to swim shoreward as soon as I dived from the boat. I was a strong swimmer, and it should be easy for me to reach the beach before Oliver had a chance, though it was difficult to see what even a determined killer could do in such a public place. The nearest group to us was only a few paces away.

Charles and Oliver rowed the boat and I steered. The sea was calm as a millpond and blue as a jewel. I did look over my shoulder as we pulled away, in case Crook had put in a miraculous appearance, but there was no sign of him. It seemed to me we were going a very long way from the shore. "Surely we're far enough?" I suggested. "If we're going to swim in — I'm a bit out of practice."

"I'll life-save you, darling," said Charles. "I've got a medal somewhere." All the same, Oliver stopped rowing and I slipped off the boat. I was wearing over my suit. An instant later I'd dived over the side. The water was a little colder than I'd anticipated, but had a buoyancy I hadn't expected either.

After a minute or so I turned on my back and floated. There were no other boats very near, and the people on the shore seemed very far away. Floating there, under that bright shadowless sky, blue water as far as I could see, I was freed from fear for myself, for Bianca, for the whole tormented uncertain world. A long way off I heard a motorboat, a voice far away as a gnat's travelled across the water, but too far away to disturb my sense of enclosed peace.

There was a violent splash behind me and I thought, Well, Charles isn't too good a performer. I flapped my arms to turn myself over. I could see him surface, offer him a word of demure congratulation, only that word was never spoken. Because it wasn't Charles in the water, but Oliver. He wasn't bathing, either. He must have tipped out of the boat, though it wasn't very easy to see how

this could happen on so calm a day. He didn't seem a very expert swimmer either, but Charles was there, leaning down, an oar in his hand.

I saw Oliver put out his hand to grip the blade of the oar, and what I saw next was unbelievable. I saw the blunt end of the oar pressed against Oliver's throat, and Charles deliberately pushing him under the water! I turned over and swam a few strokes. Charles was down on his knees in the boat, leaning out. Anyone from the shore or from any distance would suppose he was trying to rescue his friend. But I saw Oliver's head slowly submerge.

"Stop!" I shouted. "You're drowning him."

I thought perhaps someone would hear, would come up to help, but all the other boats were too far away. Besides, when you're enjoying yourself, making holiday, you don't really notice anyone else, and screams like mine were all part of the picture. "Ow, you're killing me!" I heard a girl shout that while we were having our picnic, but she didn't want any assistance.

THE coast guard might say there was insufficient current to deter a kitten, but it seemed to be pulling pretty hard now. I was thrashing through the water, making practically no progress. I thought I had the picture in my mind. Charles was the double agent, playing at being Oliver's ally, but actually with an eye on the spoils. As Oliver's widow, Bianca would be a comparatively rich woman, eminently marriageable to an adventurer like Charles Hunter.

At this stage I realised that if I continued to try to assist Oliver I should simply be playing into Charles' hands. There might be a few acid comments when it became known that of the three of us only Charles had survived, but he'd soon live that down. And if there should be any bruising on Oliver's body, well, that had occurred while he struggled and Charles went into his life-saving act.

I turned and was making for the shore that seemed farther away than ever. I knew that unless Oliver could save himself he was doomed. And my job was to get back to Bianca. Going through that calm sea was like trying to swim through treacle. Every ounce of energy seemed to have deserted me.

I knew I wasn't progressing at all; at one time I wondered if I was even facing in the right direction. Then I heard the sound of someone coming up behind me. I turned my head to say, "Get me ashore, but it was Charles. I couldn't believe it was going to end like this, because naturally he couldn't afford to let me return and say what I'd seen. It seemed such a waste, though, when I'd survived so much — the Marchesa's death, Florian's defection, the plane crash, the damaged car.

"Take it easy," said Charles' voice in my ear. "Just relax, and I'll get us both back. I promised I'd life-save you, remember?"

"Oliver," I said, and he told me soothingly, "He's OK, you don't have to worry about him. Leaned too far over the side and went in with a plop."

But, of course, I knew that wasn't true, because why hadn't the boat capsized? And why hadn't Charles saved him by grabbing at his shoulder or arm? "Relax, I said," repeated Charles' voice in my ear. "Don't struggle, you'll only make things harder."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 24, 1968



Bradmill sheets

Bradmill put fashion in sheets of today. And gayness in bedrooms where drabness held sway. Striped and embroidered sheets, ecotone, too fitted sheets, coloured sheets — that's just a few sheets that drip-dry and never get duller. The sheet range from Bradmill — a new world of colour. But whether your bedroom is large and ornate, or modern and sleek as a top-fashion plate, a long room, a square room that's really quite small (perhaps you haven't a bedroom at all?) One thing is certain — common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

B
BRADMILL

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

BUC 24

HER CAREER IS CHILD'S PLAY

For teenagers

By
GLORIA NEWTON

● The habit of doodling on any piece of paper she found in front of her finally launched 18-year-old Jacki Jones, of Sydney, into a full-time career as an artist.



ARTIST Jacki Jones at work. Picture by Don Cameron.

THE characters she continually covered her books with during her Arts course at Sydney University early last year intrigued her fellow students.

They were droll little figures of rock-a-rollers; pink elephants; champagne glasses; and appealing, quaint children.

"The habit of doodling certainly didn't help with my lectures," Jacki said, "and the other students told me I should start drawing seriously."

"I didn't take much notice at first, mainly because I had never had a drawing lesson in my life and my confidence was not very high."

"But one day I bought some hessian, made it into little wall hangings, and painted some of my characters on them. Imagine my surprise when I offered them for sale at the Uni. They went like hot cakes. I soon had difficulty keeping up with the demand."

"That decided me I was wasting my time — and probably the University's — doing an Arts course. So after only three months, when I failed the term's exams (I'm a hopeless concentrator), I gave it up, turned one of the rooms at home into a little studio, and set to work."

"My father, a retired businessman, was furious with me for throwing an academic

life away like that. He almost cut me off with the proverbial shilling.

"But, luckily, my mother encouraged me. She used to draw a lot when she was young — in fact she has a lot of sketches she often brings out to show people."

"And my father, when he saw that I was taking the whole venture seriously and really working at it all day and every day, started to come around. Now he thinks the whole idea marvellous."

From wall hanging, it was an easy step to little framed pictures. Using poster paints and pen and ink, she drew these mainly of children, caricatured charmingly to appeal to teenagers.

● IDEAS TAKE SHAPE

Selling her output to Sydney gift stores, Jacki found there was also a constant demand for unusual cards — ones suitable for all occasions. So another avenue for her talent opened up.

"Mostly I don't know what is going to appear on the drawing-board. I just pick up my pen and an idea takes shape," she said. "But most of my inspiration comes from some of the actions of the children who live around us at Collaroy Plateau."

"I love sitting at the window of my studio watching them pass by. I watch all the

quaint, lovely things kids do when they are playing."

"They are generally adorable and I try to capture them as I see them, unobserved and natural. Although I don't actually try for resemblance, some of my drawings are the spitting images of those kids."

"Right now I am very keen on illustrating children's books. I would like to collaborate with an author who does those light, cute little books for kids. That would be great fun."

"And I'm trying my hand out on the more serious caricatures. I watch the people on television and do them, particularly Dean Martin, who has such definite features and is easy to caricature."

Jacki, who uses her first name (the "I" dotted with a small ring) as a trademark, said she quickly realised that strong discipline was needed to work alone at home.

"When I first started off I had little money. I bought my materials, hessian, ink, paints, etc., in bulk to get them cheap — which really hit into my bank account," she said.

"This meant, of course, that I couldn't pay any board. So I worked it out by helping around the house until 9 a.m., when I would shut myself in my studio and work through, with a meal break, until 5 p.m."

"Then I would set aside definite days for such things as delivering my pictures to the framemakers or going around the stores for orders."

"Now, thank goodness, my bank balance is starting to look a little healthier — at Christmas, orders rolled in. With my early bulk buying, there's little overhead now."

"When I have built up a nice balance I'm going to treat myself to some shopping and splurge on some clothes."

"No, not really way-out clothes. I think you have to be a very special type for those. I like normal, but modern, clothes."

● BIG DECISION

Jacki has no special boyfriends, enjoys dancing, and looks forward to hot summer mornings when she takes early dips in the family swimming-pool.

And soon she will have to make an important decision — whether or not to take art lessons.

"Some of my friends say: Yes, go ahead. Others say if I do take lessons they will ruin my natural style."

"But I think I will go ahead. Whatever I learn certainly won't be wasted and I would like to know that if I ever wanted to try a serious portrait or a landscape, I would at least know how to go about it."

Unfair to parents

• In this affluent age the wealth of a country is reflected in its teenagers. Nearly all are provided for by their parents, at least partly, and few have worked for their possessions. In providing these luxuries, or teenage necessities, parents themselves often go without, trying to give their children everything they missed. But is this fair for the parents, or in the best interests of the children? Let teens work for the extras in life, so that they may realise their value.

— "OBSERVER," Stansbury, S.A.

Anti-co-ed

MY girlfriend goes to a co-ed school, but I go to an all-girls one. She is always wearing make-up to school, and says that everyone else does the same. She doesn't do well in class, as she is always thinking about the boy behind her. At our school we hold dances where you can take along your boyfriend, or else meet a boy there. I do not think we will become social outcasts just because we don't always mix with boys at school. — "All Girl," Cremorne, N.S.W.

Faded bunch

IN accepting the offers of food and clothing from others, flower people are a continual drag on a nation's economy. It would be much better for everyone if they used their excessive energy for something constructive (like some kind of work), rather than just dancing away the hours at love-ins, and going on "trips." After they have bent their minds out of all proportion by taking drugs, they are not fit to love anyone, and, in addition, other people have to care for them. — Wendy Ford, Toowoomba, Qld.

Lesson for all

THE real needs of the people would be met if education were to replace ignorance throughout the world. This would be a dynamic step toward the removal of war, want, misery, and disease. Education can raise standards of living, the lack of which all too often leads to conflict. It also teaches tolerance and the acceptance of others' rights and customs, thus removing racial prejudice and political differences. Once the futility of war was learned, conflict through thoughtlessness would not arise. — Sue Conchie, Dandenong, Vic.

Upper class

IN our school, fifth- and sixth-form pupils are on quite a different level from the juniors. They have certain privileges and certain responsibilities. Besides the usual sports, they can choose from golf, ice-skating, and archery, and they wear a dif-

ferent, very stylish uniform. Seniors are encouraged to do things for themselves, and play quite an important part in the general workings of the school. — V. F. Partridge, Newport, N.S.W.

Talking points

FEW elderly people realise how hard it is for teenagers to talk to the older generation. Many times I have met an elderly person in the street, and have only been able to say, "Hello," or "How are you?" because I didn't know what else to say. Many teenagers would not even say this, but do you blame them? The oldies could inquire about school, hobbies, or even parents, and not leave it at just "Hello," and leave an embarrassed teenager standing in the middle of the street. It's not all our fault. — R. Ferguson, Tatura, Vic.

Bunsen spurner

TOO much money is being spent on science in schools. Millions of dollars are being spent annually to build new laboratories, and nothing is being done to improve libraries and other facilities for the use of students of the humanities. And if we do not hurry to learn to use what science has taught us, for the benefit of humanity, it will be too late. — Julia Selby, Cremorne, N.S.W.

DRINK 'DRUG'

■ Police are on the lookout for people who are selling drugs and those who take them. Why? Firstly, they are illegal, and, secondly, because they make people who take them do things without knowing exactly what they are doing. However, there is another commodity being sold every day which also becomes a habit and dulls the senses. It's not illegal, though. This not-so-innocent thing is alcohol, and it has almost the same effect as drugs. — M. Marshall, Morphettville, S.A.



LETTERS

Original idea

THE generation of today consider themselves free-thinkers. We are renowned for our non-conservative ideas. We are swingers, a new breed; we think and act as we please. But do we? Haven't we a special code of behaviour, and anyone who doesn't conform is a square? Yet it is usually the one who does not conform who has the new ideas. So it is the nonconformist who is the swinger of today. — "Wondering," French's Forest, N.S.W.

Defender

IN defence of specialisation in high schools, it seems natural that, at matriculation level, students should do subjects in which they are most interested, in preparation for university or work. With high-pressure examinations, subjects which a student dislikes or does poorly are a handicap. — A. Kappeler, Glengowrie, S.A.

THE perfect diet for a teenager is quite simple, as long as you bank your pocket-money, or else spend it on records, magazines, make-up, or clothes. Here it is: Stop eating lollies, cakes, biscuits, and desserts, and stop drinking soft drinks. I won't guarantee that it will make you a Twiggy, but it will certainly help you lose the excess fat — besides making you richer in bank balance or possessions. — "Dieter," Grafton, Qld.

Dig at brother

WHILE my mother and I watched with enjoyment a recent TV program, in which John Lennon and George Harrison were interviewed about transcendental meditation, my 18-year-old brother walked out of the room. Mum is no swinger, but she saw that members of a group I admire could discuss a subject intelligently, and defended the program when my brother later tried to make fun of it. This was an example of intolerance on his part, and I wish people would realise what poor characters they have if they can't give things a chance. — E. Dark, Grafton, N.S.W.

GO-MANGO



HERE'S YOUR

ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

Where has freedom gone?

THE trouble is, my mother seems to be turning sour. When I was around 11 and 12 I was given all the independence a girl could ever want. I went to films on my own, came home at night by myself — in fact, I was allowed to go just about anywhere. I feel I did not want so much freedom when I was young. Now I am 14, and I want independence. But whenever I want to go places with my friends I am not permitted to. I am the last child left in the family. — "Depressed."

• Could your friends be at the heart of the trouble? Your mother may not trust them, so is tightening her hold on you. A parent feels she can never be too careful when protecting her offspring from the "temptations" of growing up. Also, you are at an impressionable age, whereas two or three years ago you were still safely wrapped in the cocoon of childhood. If your friends are above reproach, I am sure she will eventually see reason.

Sincere note

"SEVEN months ago I was asked to go with a boy in whom I had no particular interest. I refused politely. Since then I have liked other boys, but I always end up thinking of the first boy. I know he still likes me. He is 15½ and I am 13½. How can I show that I am interested in him? My close friends think he is a creep. I do not worry if boys I like are ugly

or not. Please could you advise me on how to forget my pride and say what I want to say — that I like him?"

"Foolish Pride."

• Do you know his home address? If so, a sincere letter telling him you would be pleased to hear from him again may do the trick. An occasional dose of swallowed pride never harms anyone. But, before you take any action, do be sure you want mind your close friend calling him a "creep." After all, it's only natural for a girl of 13½ to want a boyfriend who will make her friends green with envy!

When he is near

"I AM 14 and have been going with a boy aged 16. (I will call him A.) The problem is that A moved and, although I still love him, I go to dances with another boy — I'll call him B — who I also love very much. All the kids tell me to be true, but I am so lonely. When A comes home every holiday I can't stand B. But when A goes home I like B as much as before. Please help me because I am mixed up."

"Troubled."

• No one expects a 14-year-old girl to be "true" to just one boy. After all, she has many years ahead of her for one-man heart attachments. Your mix-up is also a fairly common one in your age group. Obviously, A does appeal to you romantically more than B. When he is near you are more aware of B's faults. The only mistake you are making is to confuse liking — or infatuation — with love. Love is an emotion you have yet to experience.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH

I imagine there could be some problems with a marriage between radio hams.

They might find life together a bit static.

The male radio fan might neglect his work in favour of his hobby.

When the ham didn't bring home the bacon his wife might say "over," and sign off.

They could still talk, of course.

That's if she went home to mutter!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 24, 1968

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"He's dead," I whispered.

"He's OK," said Charles.

But I twisted my head and I could see the boat now, floating upside down, and no sign of Oliver anywhere.

Charles was a magnificent swimmer, I'm not bad myself in the ordinary way, but he cleft the water as easily as an oar blade. The odd thing was that though he swam so strongly we didn't seem to be getting any nearer the shore. I saw a spot in the distance, a motorboat, I thought, and opened my mouth to hail it. In an instant Charles' hand came over my lips; I felt my head sinking into the water. It rushed into my eyes, into my nose, then I came up again. Charles said, "Don't do that again, it'll be the end if you do."

I thought it was going to be the end, anyway. I thought about Bianca — I'd failed her as I'd failed everyone else — the Marchesa, Ada, Mr. Crook. The roar that had been increasing during the past minute or so became louder. It was like a motor-cycle; quite soon the noise would deafen me, only it wasn't the noise that would be responsible for my death, but the sea — the sea and Charles. I wasn't struggling any more; I simply had no more strength left in me. At any instant I knew my head would go under. I opened my eyes — I suppose I'd shut them without realising it — and a great wash of water came over my face. And that was the last thing I saw . . .

IN romantic novels when the heroine comes around from a swoon her first words always are: Where am I? I was no heroine and I didn't ask that question, because to a nurse's eye there could be no doubt at all where I was. I was in a hospital or nursing home, and it occurred to me vaguely that something of the same kind had happened to me before.

I turned my head, wondering if I were alone, and "Praise the pig!" said a voice as loud as a booming clock, and there was the most comforting face in the world, a great, round face like the westerling sun. Then a voice which didn't belong to the face said briskly, "She's coming round." And Crook's voice, unmistakable this time, observed, "About time, too, seeing I charge by the hour. Take it easy, sugar, and don't let anyone hustle you. Now, Sister . . ."

It appeared he was addressing someone on the farther side of the bed. I moved my eyes languidly. "You have a visitor," said Sister.

"She can see that," Crook pointed out.

"I mean in the corridor." I supposed it was Bianca, but for the moment I didn't want to see anyone — except Crook, of course. I was busy chasing memory.

"Bianca," I recalled, "I sent you a message."

"And I came like the wind. Mind you, I had my watchdog on the trail."

"A dog?" I felt puzzled.

"Name of Penrose."

"Was he yours?"

"That's right."

"He was on the promenade when we went for the coffee."

"He saw you."

I let Penrose go. "Bianca," I whispered again.

"She's being looked after," said Crook. "You don't have to worry about her any more."

"And Charles? He . . ."

"Fit as a flea," said Crook.

"And about as welcome."

I thought again. "Oliver Duncan?"

Crook's big face clouded. "You can't win 'em all, sugar," he said.

"It was Charles," I proclaimed.

"He drowned him."

"That was the object of the exercise," said Crook.

"Oliver and me — both?"

"That's right."

"Wouldn't he be afraid of what Bianca would think?"

Crook shook his big head.

"Sugar," he told me gently, "it was her idea."

I looked across the room to where Sister was listening.

"I'm not the only one who's confused," I told her. "Bianca was the one who was threatened — her husband —"

"You'd better tell that to the police, hadn't you?" suggested Sister. "He's waiting outside."

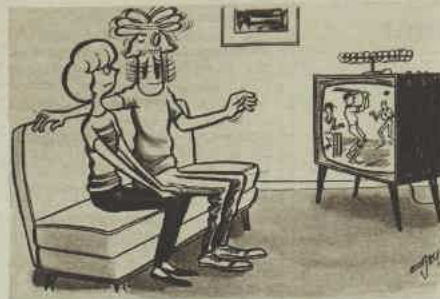
The very mention of the police brought back other memories, the days at the palazzo while we were waiting to know whether the Marchesa would live or die, and afterward whether a charge would be brought. "No," I said, "no. I can't see the police."

"Not till the doctor gives the say-so," said Mr. Crook soothingly. "And he ain't here yet."

"What is this place?"

To page 72

THE BOYFRIEND



"When I'm with you, darling—GOOD SHOT, MATE—I can't think of anything else."

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"The Dovercrest Nursing Home. And the doctor's on his way."

"What am I doing here?"

"You gave us quite a turn," Crook said. "Baby, you sure do like water. You soaked it up like an aspidochelone. That was what Lady Macbeth was counting on, of course."

I shook my head. I might be snugged up in a nursing home, but to all intents and purposes I was still at sea.

"Comprenez?" Crook inquired of Sister, but Sister simply said, "I want that policeman out of my corridor and I want this bed for a post-operation case. And I don't mind how soon."

"You'd make Florence Nightingale turn in her grave," Crook reproved her. "Give the policeman a nice cup of tea and tell him to come back in the morning."

"He wants to see Miss Taylor tonight."

"He's got a long wait coming," said Crook outrageously. "Miss Taylor's been underground these six months past."

"Now you're getting me confused," said Sister.

"That's makes two of you, and if we let the rozzers in now it'll make three. The young lady can't answer any questions till she knows the answers."

"She's only got to tell him the facts."

"She don't know the facts."

(At this point I began to go off, and although I heard the words, they didn't register until much later.)

"You mean, you're going to instruct her?"

"I represent her. You can hear for yourself how muddled she is. She actually believes she's been defendin' a victimised wife from a murderous spouse all these months, whereas actually it's been the other way round. Like looking in a glass, if you get me. Come outside a minute, Sister, there's something I want to say to you and I don't want the patient to hear."

I don't know what he said to her, but next time she came in she was positively smiling.

"Where on earth did you meet a man like that?" she asked me, and I said, "He was on the plane and then on the train and then, I suppose, in the boat. I'm not quite sure about that, though."

"He's quite right, you're not yourself yet," Sister said, not realising I hadn't been myself for the past six months. "Drink this, and Mr. Crook will be back in the morning."

The next time I opened my eyes the room was full of run. Crook came in like an actor on his cue.

"If you want to do any primping, sugar," he said, "now's the time, because that rozzers' back kicking his heels outside. Remember, he ain't asking for theories, and you never want to give the police more than they demand and sometimes not all of that. I'm stopping, because I'm your lawyer, but I'm not prompting you. I wasn't there at the time, not till just before the fall of the curtain, that is, and so I can't give him the facts."

"I'm not any too sure of them myself," I confessed.

"Last night you said . . ." "Never mind what I said last night. He ain't going to ask you about that. That comes under the heading of answers—Yes. No. And I don't remember. Stick to those and you'll do fine."

The policeman was a sober middle-aged man who looked like a stage parson.

He asked me if I was Julie Taylor and I caught Crook's eye and said yes. He asked me if I remembered what happened on the afternoon in question and I said

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

well, come of it, anyhow. He asked if I would tell him in my own words, and reminded me I might well be giving the same evidence on oath in due course.

I told him about the picnic and he asked me what we'd had to eat. That was easy. I added that we'd had wine that Charles bought and coffee from the kiosk. Then the three of us had gone out, leaving Bianca on the beach. I had been the first to leave the boat, and quite soon afterward I heard a splash and saw Oliver in the water. I hadn't worried at first, because I thought Charles would pull him back into the boat, and then I'd realised that he was doing just the opposite.

The policeman said, "Do you mean he was trying to prevent his regaining the boat?" and I said, "He was trying to push him under-water."

He asked me how near I was and how good my sight was and was I certain, and then could I suggest any reason why . . . Crook interrupted to say that wasn't a proper question. I was only there to answer statements of fact, and not to theorise. He said it wasn't the duty of the public to try to do the police out of their pensions by solving their cases for them.

Then I told him that I was prepared to state under oath that Charles had also tried to drown me, and told him about Charles putting his hand over my mouth. The policeman didn't look shocked or startled; he said that tied up with the evidence this gentleman gave. I said, "What gentleman?" and Crook broke into a roar of laughter that must have been heard in the street outside.

"A very good question, sugar. What he means is me and my watchdog, we were in the lifeboat."

The policeman said, "What lifeboat?" and Crook told him it was a case of angels unaware, and just as some chaps didn't look like angels, so some lifeboats looked like motor launches.

I had a sudden moment of revelation, and exclaimed, "Was that the noise I heard—the boat zooming up? I thought it was the end of the world."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Crook. "Nearly cut Charles' head off. He had to go underwater to save himself, and you'd wonder he thought it was worth the effort."

At this stage the door opened and someone came in. The policeman said, "Do you mind, sir?" and a voice retorted, "I'm Miss Taylor's doctor and I can't have a patient upset. Are you nearly through?"

I was surprised to see that it was Dr. Gregg. I exclaimed, before I could stop myself, "What on earth are you doing here?" and he said, "I happen to be a doctor, this is a nursing home, and you are my patient." He felt my pulse and told the policeman, "I can't risk another rise in temperature. Are you nearly through?"

The policeman looked through his notes and asked if I would call myself a strong swimmer, and I said, yes, but I supposed I was out of practice, because I seemed to have no power at all. Crook said even a denizen of the deep might have his work cut out to make his finny nest with all that dope inside him, and I gaped and asked him what he was talking about.

Dr. Gregg said sharply, "You can see she can't tell you any more," and I said were they sure Bianca was being properly looked after, because with Charles still at

large and me in the hospital—and Crook said that was OK, he wasn't. Charles, he meant, and at large. At the moment he was being held on a murder charge.

The policeman said this was very improper and Crook said, "You leave that to the man who brought the charge." Then he said, "You can see she's in no state even to add two and two at the moment. I'll guarantee to produce her when she's sent for, meantime she'll be staying here."

All this had taken much longer than I realised and Crook said he'd leave me for a while to sort things out. I had a wonderful sense of relaxation. Sister came in to ask how I was while I had my lunch. She said, "It makes a change, doesn't it, having a character like that about the place?" By which I knew she meant Crook. Doctors and patients are three-a-penny, but Crook was in a class all by himself.

They held the inquest the following day; all I had to do was repeat the statement I'd made in the nursing home. When I went into the witness box I was startled to see Ada Holloway in the court, and then wondered why I should be surprised. It was so obviously the place one would have expected to find her. What surprised me more was that Bianca didn't show up; I supposed she was medically unfit. It wasn't till we were well on in the inquiry that I realised she was being accused with Charles of Oliver Duncan's murder.

ADA HOLLOWAY was worth her weight in gold then. "She's going to take you under her wing," Crook said, "and she's got a wing a fighter bomber might envy."

It was she and Crook who later put me in the picture, as they say. He'd prevailed on Sister to let me occupy my room at the nursing home for one more night.

"It's like I've always said," Crook explained. "It ain't just the facts that matter, it's how you arrange them. You had your facts right, sugar, there was a would-be murderer at large in that house, only it wasn't Oliver Duncan."

"You mean it was Bianca? I still find that difficult to accept. I mean, what made you . . .?"

"I'm a reasonable chap," said Crook modestly, "and I like things according to nature. Here you had a dame who was so much afraid her ever-loving was going to drive her underground, she had to have a paid guard—you, sugar—to stand between her and her fate. But when she's given the go-ahead sign, told to get out, go south, find the sun, put a couple of hundred miles between her and murder, what does she do? She hums and hahs and says no, she won't be druv out. Now most people wouldn't need driving, they'd jump at the chance."

"She said it was her house and why should she be chased out of it?"

"According to her she was expecting to be chased into the grave seven days out of seven. That's Point One. Point Two—what did Oliver stand to gain by her dyin' on him in mysterious circumstances? A chap has a job to live that kind of thing down the first time, and we know he crossed two counties to escape the gossip. But twice in a matter of what?—three, four?—years, that's a mug's game. He'd need a pretty strong motive . . ."

"There was Fiona Lane." "I've never been a young girl," acknowledged Crook handsomely, "but I don't know that I'd go for a chap who's already scored a couple of ducks in the Matrimonial Test. Anyway, he was a lot too old for her. And there's another thing. Here's this chap, not quite in the tycoon class maybe, but not too far off, put quite a lot of his competitors out of the running from all accounts, yet when it comes to a simple job like shoving a woman off a cliff or under a bus, he makes a hash of it each time."

"You know, I knew from the start this case reminded me of something. It happened on the Continent five, six years ago. There was this dame, rushed at me, caught my arm. Oh, Mr. Crook, I don't know what to do, my husband means to murder me. Found him through a matrimonial ad, made over her little bit to him—oh, she told it very nice. She had the cliff walk, too, the mixed medicine bottles—the did Bianca have them?"

"Hers were mushrooms," I reminded him.

"Yes, well, that showed a bit of originality."

"She really did have a poisoned one."

"I'll say. But darling Oliver didn't give it to her."

I thought for a minute. "You mean, she did it herself? That was taking a terrific risk."

"Nothing is for free," quoted Crook. "And having been a nurse, and knowing she had another nurse on the premises, she probably realised just how far she could go. Now use your thinking-piece, sugar. You knew you hadn't picked a deadly nightcap—is that what you called them?—and nor didn't Oliver, but she had plenty of time while you were out of sight . . ."

I remembered I'd found her walking up and down the road, and I remembered, too, the clump of deadly nightcaps Oliver had shown me before we started to pick. She'd have to show some subtlety first to get the

poisonous fungus cooked and, second, to make sure it got on to the right plate, but the chance would be there. I was setting the table, Oliver was opening the wine—I remembered how she'd fixed on a particular plate—and I remembered, too, how quickly she'd recovered.

I didn't doubt now that my near-fall from the window was her work. Charles would be told to occupy Oliver while she came up the stairs, quick as a cat, ruthless as a cat, too.

"You played right into her hands by kneeling up on the seat," Crook said, "but if you hadn't she'd have managed to give you a shove, wouldn't have been above suggesting you took a floater all on your own—oh, if she was pushed. Charles 'ud back her up. Charles knew your guilty secret."

"I wonder what saved me," I said.

"I'd say you had Oliver to thank, that poor decent chap. Came out of the library a thought too soon, saw the pair and thought Bianca was tryin' to save you."

"I still don't see the motive," I said. "All that risk, two deaths, no—I looked at him. 'You think she had something to do with the first Mrs. Duncan dying when she did?'"

"I'm positive she did," said Crook. "Mind you, she must have put the wind up darling Oliver just a little to get that European vacation out of him directly after the funeral. Probably thought it cheap at the price to have her out of the road, and then back she comes and—he'd have more chance against a pro like that than a baby rabbit against a full-grown anconda. Does it occur to you that before he'd start thinking of murder he'd suggest a divorce? She could have taken him for half his kingdom."

"And she took that risk on the chance of marrying Oliver, say, a year hence?"

"She'd framed him very nice, remember. Maybe she hinted that day at Salisbury—and that meeting was on

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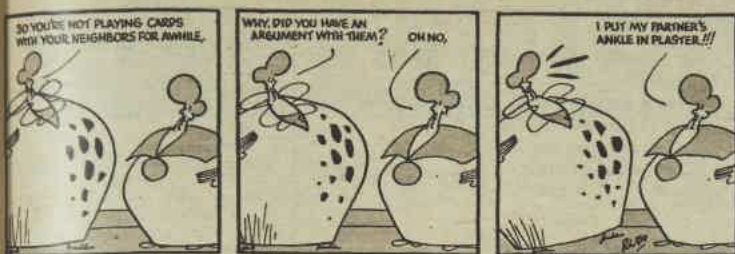
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THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

accident—that there was talk and what would happen if the case was reopened?

"And this last plan," I wanted to know. "Did she really mean to marry Charles?"

"I'd say Charles really meant to marry her. If he suggested puttin' up the banana, after a decent interval, that is, she don't have much choice."

"But she hardly knew him," I protested.

"Who says?"

"He came to the house looking for Julie Taylor."

"How come he'd ever heard of Julie Taylor? No, sugar, we know she'd rumbled you. She knew you weren't a little schoolmarm from the other side of the world, talking English as good as me and murring like a pro. She puts her boyfriend on to asking a few questions. After all, if you ain't J.T., you know a lot about her, got her passport, her photos. So—you met up with her somewhere."

"And she—or Charles—followed up inquiries and found that there had been two girls on the plane that crashed—yes, I see. If I wasn't Julie I had to be Solange Peters."

"Which was jam for her, because it meant you'd fight shy of the police, even if you did get a bit suspicious."

"I'm still not sure where Charles comes in, though."

"How about the friend she went to London to meet the night Evelyn Duncan got her quietus?"

"But that was a woman," I protested.

"Who says?"

"She always spoke as if it were." Only it was true, Bianca had never actually said she and I, or Joyce and I, or...

"I suppose I just took it for granted."

"Didn't stop to wonder where Bianca got the extra dope for Evelyn? Well, maybe it did come out of her own store, but it's interesting to know that Charles works with a pharmaceutical firm. Getting a little bit extra 'ud be child's play to him."

"All the same, it was pretty crazy. Suppose Oliver had struggled more, he was quite a vigorous man, they

couldn't have known he'd go under so easily."

"No?" said Crook. "How much did you struggle?"

I remembered my sense of extraordinary lassitude as I tried to swim for shore.

"It was something about the tides," I said vaguely.

"Oh, come to the point," cried Ada, speaking for the first time. Not in the tides, not in the water at all, in the coffee. You and Oliver were both doped to the eyelids, and clever Mr. Crook is going to be able to prove that in court."

"The coffee!" I exclaimed. It couldn't be anything else.

"That's right. Now, you'll be asked about this, and don't tell them anything you don't remember."

"But I do remember," I said. "Charles and I fetched the coffee and he said why didn't I stop on the way back and get into a suit in one of the bathing huts. But I hadn't brought the suit with me. And as soon as we reached Bianca she sent me to fetch her coat from the car."

"And you went?"

"Oliver was still chaffering about the boat. I didn't see how Charles could do anything with so many people around..."

"And when you came back Bianca gave you your coffee—right?"

"That's right. She and Charles had started on theirs."

"Well, naturally, it would never do to get the cups mixed. They must have planned something of this kind when they prepared the picnic. Of course, Oliver played right into their hands, first by offering to come and then by hiring the boat and offering to take you both out. But even if he hadn't, they'd have found some way. Bianca would have suggested the boat herself. When Oliver started getting drowsy she'd have sent you two to swim. She'd have managed to tip the boat, she'd have screamed for help, you'd both have come back—they hadn't a scruple between them. By the time the bodies were washed ashore there'd be precious little trace of drugs, and of course the coffee cups would have been collected and washed."

"And, of course," said Ada, "they couldn't guess Mr. Crook would be around."

"Thank Sugar for that," said Mr. Crook. "Minute I got your message you couldn't see me and the Superb for dust. By the time I arrived, my watchdog was down on the beach; he'd seen the party setting out and he didn't like the look of it at all. Trouble was the last motorboat had just been snapped up by some tourist, and, of course, he wouldn't have stood an earthly in a rowboat, especially on his own. This chap wouldn't yield to him—very la-di-dah he was, till I came storming down and told him if he didn't let us have preference I'd have him cited as accessory for murder."

"You really told him that?" I gasped.

"It has happened and I was not there," Ada mourned. And Crook grinned.

Only none of it seemed amusing to me.

"There's times when truth is your only hope," Crook said. "Well, he was fascinated, of course. I mean, it's not much of a lark for a chap to sit around on a beach with his missus, and everyone likes the sound of murder. I told him if he could swim he could come, too. Never any harm having an extra witness, and off we pushed. Mind you, we were too late to do anything for Oliver, and, anyway, he wasn't my client. By the time we were near enough to go into our Grace Darling act, Charles was on to Corpse Number Two. You can't really blame Charles, though I'm sure Bianca does, for letting go. A charging motorboat would test anyone's spirit. Anyway, we got you out and came racing back to shore. Cream of the joke is I heard our third passenger say to Charles, 'If you're going in for life-saving, you should learn the art. You could have drowned that girl.'"

"We found a real reception committee waiting for us on the beach. Everything was laid on. Ambulance came at the double. Fourteen people all wanting to practise their first aid on you, sugar, and finish what Charles had begun. And, of course, Bianca going into a fine act."

"You'd remember her, of course," said Ada maliciously.

"Where's my husband? He must have got oramp! Is Charles...?" And running down to the water's edge to greet Charles—we hadn't stopped to bring him back. She wanted a word with him, of course, but Penrose stopped that. He was waiting, too, and all Charles could say was, 'I'm sorry, Bianca, I did my best, I swear I did, and she kept saying, 'I'm sure you did, Charles, I'm sure you did...'

Only she seemed a bit calm for someone who'd just seen her ever-loving flounder to a watery grave."

"I suppose you heard this from about fifty yards away?" suggested Ada.

"I told you, Penrose never left his side, and in the general turmoil, he slipped back and secured the four cups and popped them into his little Gladstone bag. He takes it everywhere, you'd be surprised some of the things that bag's contained. Those cups have been through the mincer..."

"Don't tell me," I said. "Of course they found traces of dope in two..."

"The ones you and Oliver had handled. And they found the rest of the stuff in a little bottle marked aspirin in Bianca's bag. It's hard to see how even she's going to talk her way out of that."

"What'll happen to them?" I said.

Crook looked surprised. "Not my worry, sugar. They ain't my clients. Interesting to know who gets Oliver's estate, though, seeing murderers can't inherit."

A small silence fell. Then I said, "There's still one

To page 74



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thing you haven't quite cleared up. The car whose brakes failed—who was responsible for that? I thought Charles or Oliver, most likely Charles."

Crook pulled his long chin. "Well, I'd say that was Bianca. She'd tailored the situation to suit herself. Oliver brings out the car, you go in to phone the chemist—she probably knew that's generally a lengthy affair. Oliver's prowling like a leopard waiting for his call—and she'd been a nurse accustomed to taking a car around at all hours, probably knew as much about its insides as she did about the human variety."

"And she meant me . . . ?" I couldn't accept it.

"Not you, sugar. Oliver. She can't go because of the rain, you can't go because you're needed in

the sickroom, but Oliver's there, his car's under cover, take mine, there's a dear, won't take you above twenty minutes, stuffs all ready and waiting . . . Must have given her a nasty shock when she learned you were at the wheel. Must have hoped, too, it 'ud be curtains for car and driver. Not that she didn't like you, Julie, but you have to look after Number One. And then the interfering doctor spikes her guns. I'd have given a golden sovereign to see her face when you came through on the blower—must have wondered if you were in touch from another world."

The door suddenly burst open

and Dr. Gregg came storming in. "Sister said I'd find you here," he said. He looked at me, but he spoke to Crook.

"This may be a picnic for you," he began, "but Julie happens to be my patient, and we've had enough funeral processions in this affair as it is. Can't you give the girl a break? She looks dead to the world." He glared at Ada, as if he thought she was some bird of prey. "Gab, gab, gab," he said. "Very amusing story for you, I dare say. How I nailed another murderer by Arthur G. Crook. Does it occur to you this girl's flesh and blood?"

"She's going to have quite a

job persuading the authorities of that," Crook told him, completely unmoved. "According to them, Solange Peters stopped being flesh and blood six months ago."

"You're her lawyer, aren't you?" Gregg snapped. "Right, then. It's up to you to straighten things out. You can't expect everything that comes your way to be fun."

"It's going to cost you plenty," Ada assured me in sympathetic tones. "If you've got to bring your witnesses from Rome, No one in England can speak for you."

"Let the taxpayer foot the bill," said Crook. "He'll get his money's worth out of the Press. What do you bet those two tear each other to shreds in the witness box?"

"When it's all over," I suggested to Ada, "perhaps you could find

me a job in your drapery business. No one will want me for a nurse after this. Two spectacular deaths . . ."

"What use 'ud you be to me?" asked Ada, honestly amazed. "Ask the doctor," suggested Crook.

"Thanks a lot," snarled Gregg. He seemed in a thoroughly edgy mood. "I'm quite capable of doing my own courting, you know."

"You take him up on that, dear," said Ada swiftly. "You're not likely to get a better offer."

"When a chap asks to put his head in the lion's mouth it's a pretty choosy lion that won't let him," amplified Crook. He turned to Ada. "This is no place for sugar," he said, "and they've been open some time."

At the door he turned. "We'll set 'em up for you at The Blue Boar," he offered.

"You know, I've always sworn I wouldn't marry a nurse," Dr. Gregg declared. "I've seen too many good chaps ruined that way."

"Aren't you taking rather a lot for granted?" I said, a good deal more coolly than I felt. "It takes two to make a bargain."

"OK," he said. "Tell me a pack my traps and get out. Go on."

I TRIED to say it really I did; because if this was a proposal of marriage it was less romantic than buying a bag of buns. But it was no use. I knew—like Crook, with one of those hunches that never let him down—that this man, glaring, unwilling even, was right for me. I wondered why I hadn't known it all along, now it was so obvious.

Mind you, I didn't experience the wild ecstasy I'd known with Florian. I didn't want to yell or wave a flag or put my head out of a window and shout the news to all the passers-by—I just felt like someone coming home. I knew that though there was a lot of tanglewood to be cleared away, when I'd hacked my way through he'd be waiting on the other side, if he hadn't actually been with me with another side slicing through the undergrowth.

"I wonder if this is how a butterfly feels," I said.

"A butterfly? You won't find many of those in a doctor's household."

"When it emerges at last from its chrysalis and finds the world a full of color and light," I explained. "You are offering me a permanent job?" I added. "I've dotted about from pillar to post long enough."

He reassured me very satisfactorily as to that.

"Everyone will think you're mad, wanting to marry the notorious Julie Taylor," I reminded him.

"I don't," he said calmly—well, fairly calmly. "I'm proposing to a girl called Solange Peters. I dare say Julie was a peach, and it was too bad what happened to her, but that's past history and not my history."

It's only fair that Crook should have the last word. When Lionel said, "I suppose we might as well go along and tell them they can start saving for a wedding present," we hurried round to The Blue Boar and found Ada and her escort, looking about as cheerful as a pair of professional mutes, with an unopened bottle of champagne on the table between them.

"You've taken your time," Crook said. "Hope I'm never on your operating table. How do you open that thing?"

Lionel showed him in a way that attracted the attention of everyone else in the bar.

Crook screwed up his big nose, opened his mouth, and tipped the stuff down. "The things I do for my clients!" he groaned. "Sugar, let's you and me go to the bar and have an honest drink."

I suppose they went, though I didn't see them go. "It's not sun," I explained. "It's not eyes." It wasn't my fault that everyone else thought it was raining.

The End

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 24, 1968

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

the sickroom, but Oliver's there, his car's under cover, take mine, there's a dear, won't take you above twenty minutes, stuffs all ready and waiting . . . Must have given her a nasty shock when she learned you were at the wheel. Must have hoped, too, it 'ud be curtains for car and driver. Not that she didn't like you, Julie, but you have to look after Number One. And then the interfering doctor spikes her guns. I'd have given a golden sovereign to see her face when you came through on the blower—must have wondered if you were in touch from another world."

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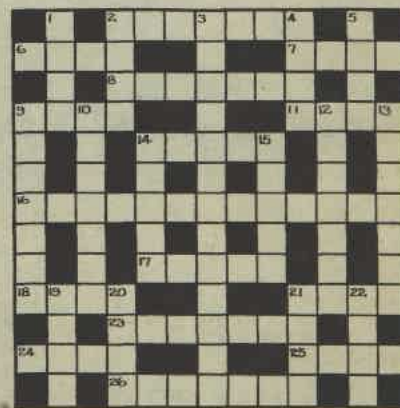
LOTHAR accepts a proposal to become President of his country and regrettably farewells Mandrake. The magician is deeply shocked at the departure of his friend. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A hundred girls in the ranks (7).
- So the District Attorney has a soft drink (4).
- Reverberate the point at Katoomba (4).
- Change around about a line of poetry (7).
- Fabric for a shoe fastener (4).
- Dash down for a bridge bid (4).
- Narrow strips of fabric hold an animal in the back street (5).
- Swallow liquid from this and absorb a little horse girl (8-5).
- Features and sticky-beaks (5).
- A kind of string old metal (4).
- A musical bird (4).
- Confirm finish or direction (7).
- Stupefy the backward eccentrics (4).
- Stay and return the reversed kitchen utensils (4).
- Makes lovable last heave (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Two musical notes make a law-couch (4).
- Pains for a muddled race (4).
- Treading weight for a means to promotion (8-5).
- Looks up and down (4).
- Hear badly the South American ostrich (4).
- Fish about for putting ashore (7).
- A large-sized letter is excellent (7).
- Support confederate lawfully (7).
- A billiard stroke about four is substantial (7).
- The symbol is all correct in number (5).
- Herbs can be wise men (5).
- Cereal food for man and horse (4).
- Badly need a small valley (4).
- Not so much (4).
- Space for the rising African (4).



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Veteran car: 1912 OPEL (Germany).



Veteran car: 1904 MINERVA (Belgium).

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL



Veteran car: 1909 RENAULT (France).

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL



Veteran car: 1911 ITALA (Italy).

NAME

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Veteran car: 1904 DE DION BOUTON
(France).

NAME

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Veteran car: 1912 HILLMAN (England).

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL



Veteran car: 1909 GOBRON - BRILLIE
(France).

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL



NAME

SUBJECT

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Veteran car: 1912 VAUXHALL (England).



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COMMONWEALTH
of AUSTRALIA
Coat of Arms

(Reproduced by permission of
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NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

NEW SOUTH WALES Coat of Arms



SOUTH AUSTRALIA Coat of Arms

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL



NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

WESTERN AUSTRALIA State Badge



NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

QUEENSLAND Coat of Arms



TASMANIA Coat of Arms

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

VICTORIA Coat of Arms





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*Floral emblem, Western Australia —
KANGAROO PAW (Anigozanthus
manglesii).*

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

*Floral emblem, New South Wales —
WARATAH (Telopea speciosissima).*



*Floral emblem, Queensland —
COOKTOWN ORCHID (Dendrobium
biggibum).*

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL



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NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

Floral emblem, South Australia —
STURT'S DESERT PEA
(*Clianthus formosus*).



Floral emblem, Victoria —
PINK HEATH (*Epacris impressa*).

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

Floral emblem, Tasmania — BLUE
GUM (*Eucalyptus globulus*).





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SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

CHERRIES



NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

APRICOTS



PEAR

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SCHOOL _____